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DECREED.

Within our lives an awful silence falls,
Fate bids us part! Love, blameless in strange sleep,
Is still and hushed; his voice no longer calls
Us back, a vigil o'er his dreams to keep!
Left desolate, we grieve, yet, so unblest,
For your sake and for mine, dear, this is best.

Soon to our woe a solemn peace will come,
There is no word to say, nor prayer to plead;
Love cannot hear, he sleeps, so blind and dumb
And pale from pain, he hath no passioned need!
Leave Love to dreams—asunder so—we twain
Must never call Love to our lives again.

Sure unto us the black night shadows creep,
There is no glow of day's departed grace;
My lips are closed, my shut eyes cannot weep,
So, lest you speak and I look on your face
And linger for an afterward of light
Within the gloom enfolding us in night,
Dear, let us part! our hearts may ache and break,
Yet unto us Love must not thrill awake!
—Harriet Maxwell-Converse in Home Journal.

THE RANSOM.

An old Latin city slumbered by the blue waters of a gulf over whose bosom the waves sped lightly as birds might skim the azure of a cloudless summer sky. The mountains reared proud heads, still crowned by marble temples half demolished, which seemed to gaze at their quivering reflection in the blue mirror at their feet.

The great walls of the city still bore the victorious mark of the Cæsars, and on them paced the restless watchers whose monotonous cries told the hours of the night in concert with the tongues of monastery bells.

The outline of great aqueducts cut sharply across the horizon. Triumphal arches and rostral columns emerged from the thick foliage of trees whose shadows had lain for centuries upon them. The homes of the poor, the palaces of priests and ministers, vast halls and ruined temples cast their strange and varied silhouettes upon the fathomless blue of the Latin sky and fretted the horizon like the lace mantle of some Titaness.

When the gods reigned, the city was known as the city of Aphrodite. Now she bore the name of a sainted bishop of the true church.

Above her walls rose the olive woods, and higher still the forests of pines, somber and mysterious, and fast against the granite hills beyond, into the infinite ether, where the eagle spreads his mighty wings, pointed the nine towers of the castle of Pierreluce.

Here dwelt the virgin Bathilde.

She was a widow who had ne'er been a wife. Her lord, called forth to single handed combat on their marriage eve, had gone never to return, and with the chaste kiss of parting on her brow, she was like a fruit of Paradise, with bloom untouched save by the swift passing of an angel's wing.

Her skin was white as the petals of the lily flower.

Her eyes were deep; changeful as twilights in autumn.

Her throat was an ivory column—fine and white and slender, and wound about with strings of gold, clasped by a single amethyst.

Her hair was like copper threads in the sunlight—like brown seaweed in the shade, but soft to the touch as is the fur of the wild beast.

She loved no one.

She was as cold as the marble gods and her heart was of ice. And her people hated and feared her, for she was wicked and cruel; in their hearts they cursed her.

But she cared not at all. In the radiant pride of her beauty she was like a pagan empress and she scarce bowed her haughty head at the elevation of the Host. The priest swung the sacred chalice before her beautiful eyes—wide opened and scornful—and when the white robed friars in the donjon chapel besought her to kneel with the faithful at confession, she made answer proudly:

"Of what should I accuse myself?"

And the angels wept in heaven, and even the good and just God saw that she must be humbled.

It was yet the time of the harvest, and the autumn sunset lay warm on the granite hills, when there came a knocking at the gates and a sound of many horses' hoofs and the voices of men.

Foulques the Beautiful asked shelter for the night from the Lady of Pierreluce.

Foulques the Beautiful was tall of stature and fair of face. His head was the mocking head of Bacchus, and his lips were red as if stained by the juice of the grape. His hair lay on his brow like rings of gold, and there was that in his eye which no woman could withstand.

From a window in the tower Bathilde looked down on the guest at her donjon gates.

From the donjon gates Foulques the Beautiful looked up at Bathilde in the window of the tower.

And it was as if she were held by chains, and the heart which she had never felt before to beat rose in great throbs of ecstasy, and she placed her two hands at her white throat and felt the beating there.

And Foulques the Beautiful smiled, and Bathilde sent down her servitors to open the castle to him and to his followers, and to bid them welcome in the name of the Lady of Pierreluce.

And all the splendors of the castle were shown him and the magnificence of his entertainment surpassed that which would have been offered to king or pope.

And Bathilde laid aside her robes of mourning and attired herself in garments of white, and put on her girdle glittering with precious stones and unbound her hair, that it might fall its length to her white feet, and went down and stood before Foulques the Beautiful.

He gazed on her and loved her even as she loved him. And he saw her only as the woman, humble in her love, for she served him and listened to him and, when he spoke, made answer as she thought would please him.

Day by day with her beauty she wooed him from the wars toward which he journeyed.

Day by day he lingered and thought only of her eyes.

But still he said no word of love to her, knowing well it was his duty to go on. For to the soldier duty comes first and love comes after.

At last she went and stood before him—she that had been so proud. In her humility, she cast down her eyes and sank upon her knees and stretched out her hands to him imploringly and said:

"Leave me not—I love thee!"

And he lifted her in his arms and kissed her lips.

And Foulques the Beautiful and the Lady of Pierreluce were betrothed.

The white robed friars of the chapel besought Bathilde to bow her head and bend her knee and give thanks to heaven for her great happiness. But she opened wide her scornful eyes and held her haughty head the higher and made answer:

"Now care I naught for God and his angels, for I have indeed found my paradise!"

And the angels wept again in heaven, and the just God saw that she had not been sufficiently humbled.

But the followers of Foulques the Beautiful chafed at the delay. And messengers came to the Castle of Pierreluce to seek him, and they brought him tidings of the terrible wars waged by the infidels in Provence. They told him of the wives and daughters led to hideous bondage by these the foes of God and his church. And there were murmurs among the men who rode after Foulques the Beautiful, and he heard his name spoken in bitterness among them when they knew not he was nigh, and he saw the frowns upon their faces when he came unheralded into their midst.

His own heart chid him and he fretted to be gone, and yet the face of Bathilde held him as though she were a sorceress who had bound him to her side by chains.

But a day came when a messenger rode in hot haste to Pierreluce with word that hands had been laid upon the sire of Foulques the Beautiful in his own country of Theoule, and he called his men to horse and threw himself upon his palfrey and, daring not to look again on Bathilde, he rode away without a glance behind.

She spoke no word.

Wearily she went up into her tower. There she sat alone and no one heard her voice in lamentation or could say that she was desolate.

But from that window where she had first looked down on the coming of her lord, there sat she, from the first gray of dawning until the shadows of the night, and watched and waited for his return.

No one heard her weeping and none could say that they had seen her shed a tear.

But there by her window she wept the silent, bitter tears which scald and sear the cheeks they fall upon.

And in the night the watchers of her castle saw her in her trailing robes of black wandering through the long corridors, or stood aside that she might pass into her courts and gardens and walk the paths and show her sleepless eyes to the cold pity of the stars.

Thinner and paler she grew until her black robes seemed to float about her and scarce touch her slender limbs.

She was conscious neither of hunger, thirst nor fatigue.

And at last she ceased to hope for the return of Foulques the Beautiful. He was dead or faithless.

Then she summoned her servitors and bade them take from her castle walls all the mirrors of glass and steel which were wont to reflect her beauty. She would look no more upon the face which he had ceased to love or which he never more might look upon with living eyes.

From her window in the tower, where still she sat—though hopeless, for the place was dear to her because it first yielded her the sight of him—she one day saw a troop of horsemen enter the road from the mountains.

Straight she went down from her tower and out at her castle gates to meet them. She went among them and questioned them herself, and trusted to none other.

But they knew naught of Foulques the Beautiful.

After that day she went out and questioned all who journeyed on the road, and took into her white hands the hands of pilgrims and beggars and entreated of them tidings of her lord.

But none could tell her of Foulques the Beautiful.

And now she prayed to God and all his angels. Each day she went to the church and bruised her delicate knees on the rough stones where knelt the poor to pray, or tore her tender feet with pilgrimages to shrines where she might lay offerings of flowers and burn tapers and pray for the return of her lord. She emptied her coffers of their stores of wealth and scattered her silver among God's poor and gave her gold in alms to abbots for the building of new monasteries and churches, where masses might be said for the safe return of her lord. And when her coffers were empty and she had sold her jewels, her rings, her glittering girdles, her golden strings with their clasp of amethyst, and no jewel remained to her, she took her silken robes and mantles of rich brocades and laid them as offerings to Our Lady, and they were taken by the church and used to drape the blessed saints.

And she kept only her robes of black and she was as poor in her castle as any beggar upon the roads which led unto its gates.

Then came a monk to the donjon gates to ask for Lady Pierreluce.

White and thin, in her black garments, she came and stood before him.

The friar told her a woeful tale of his escape from the wars with only his life, and that threatened by wounds given him through his sacred garments by the enemies of his church. They had surprised him while binding the ten wounds of Foulques the Beautiful, now Lord of Theoule, who had been hurt unto death in battle, and one hundred against two, they had borne away the lord and chased him with thrusts of many weapons to die, as they thought, in the woods. He had lingered long enough to learn that the ransom placed on the head of Foulques the Beautiful by these, his eternal foes, was a sum of 1,000 livres stamped in the image of the king of France and ten cases of precious stones.

She listened with eyes in which burned the signals of overwhelming despair.

"I am poor," she said, "I have nothing."

"Daughter, where is thy great wealth?" asked the monk, and she saw that he believed her not.

"I have given unto the church," she answered, and would have explained further, but with cold, averted eyes the friar turned and left her, and she knew that he believed her not and held her faithless.

Then she went, sad eyed, back to her tower and sat in her window. She looked on the road and saw a great number of her people wending their way toward the church. They were bearing great branches of palms. Then she bethought her wearily that it was the Feast of Palms and a holy Sabbath day. And alone, in her tower, she sank on her knees and prayed unto God for the delivery of Fulques the Beautiful.

A thought came to her.

Rising, she went down from her tower and out at her castle gates and knelt on the road where the people must pass her on their way from the church. Her face was as white as the face of the dead and her eyes were as dark as black pools when the sky is angry above them.

And when the people came from the church they found the Lady of Pierreluce kneeling among the beggars by the roadside with hands outstretched, asking alms of her serfs for the ransom of Foulques the Beautiful.

And they thought her mad and spat upon her—because they feared her no longer. They took stones from the road and placed them in her hands and bade her help herself from their store of jewels. They laid bits of tin and copper between her white fingers and bade her make herself welcome to their gold. But as they stoned her and laughed at her and reviled her in her misery, the holy abbot and his white clad friars came down from the donjon chapel, and when he saw her kneeling there he laid his hands upon her head and blessed her.

And lo! there came a sudden rift of light from heaven and it bathed her from head to foot in its splendor. And the bits of tin and copper became the shining gold she coveted, and the stones cast at her turned to jewels in her hands, and she had ten times more of these than she had any possible need of.

The people marveled and cried "Hosannah!"

And she rose and gathered up her treasure and smiled upon her people and forgave them and went her way to dispatch the messenger for her lord, and he was at once restored to her.

And the angels rejoiced in heaven that the Lady of Pierreluce had won to herself, through her humility, the ransom of the valiant soldier, Foulques the Beautiful.—Adapted from the French of Rene Maizeroy for Current Literature by Alice Ballard-Macdonald.

BAITING FOR BUSINESS.

How Shrewd Men Attract the Attention of the Public to Their Wares.

"A tintype, with coffee and cakes," said a storekeeper the other day, "is a novelty in the way of drawing business, but it's only one of the many tricks of trade, or advertising dodges. There's such a stiff competition going on that one has to resort to a multitude of devices for getting business."

The talk arose after reading an account of how a sharp restaurant keeper of New York was selling his pies and coffee by photographing his patrons and giving them free pictures as premiums.

"The public," continued the merchant, "like something for nothing, and it's no matter whether it's a photograph, a book or a chromo, if it's thrown in with a purchase, it draws trade.

"People have the same weakness for free chromos as they have for free passes to a show. By the way, the gift system is not the only one which pays. There's the free show racket; sometimes it's one thing and sometimes another, but there's always the idea conveyed that purchasers get something they don't pay for, and that tickles them immensely.

"The supply company on Washington street, which keeps a man employed at the first floor window, chalking on blackboards a bulletin of the baseball games, knows the value of shrewd advertising, and the crowds of people who stand daily gazing at the result of the games cannot fail to be reminded by the notices at the foot of the bulletin boards of the company's business.

"Who do you think can pass the window on Washington street, where those large paintings are on exhibition, and not stop to take a good look at the monkish old man stolidly and silently sitting in his chair, the very picture of rapt devotion and meditation? It's a clever scheme for arresting the attention of the passers by, and it is successful in drawing custom. The solemn walk, the vacant expression, the quiet face, the long robe girdled at the middle, the flowing white hair and beard, the stooping gait of the psuedo monk are all parts of the dodge.

"And in both these cases the show is pro bono publico, not merely for customers. Those wax figures of prominent men staring out from the tailors' stores are but a form of advertising the nobby suits, just as the striped pole of the barber or the red Indian at the cigar shop are guide posts.

"Those mammoth tailors up town find their interest in a free show. One has a ship in full rig on exhibition, and the other has a staircase crowded with elegantly dressed folks, both tricks of trade as much as the free picture. See what a number of people look at that large photograph in a store window, representing the Boston baseball team in the field during a game with the New Yorks. The dodge of having a man make shoes or cigars in the store windows, before gaping crowds, is only another phase of the free show. I remember a retail merchant who placed on exhibition a couple of Angora cats in his window. Their curious life was interesting and drew custom. Who has not seen the beer saloon, with its litter of pups frolicking in the window, and the sightseer who took in the free show had to indulge in a glass. A liquor dealer in New York advertised for a goat with whiskers. He wanted to put the goat in his window to buck against a lot of rubber figures. You can imagine the fun and the advertising to be got out of a bucking goat. I tell you, there's no end to the free gift and free show racket to draw trade."—Boston Globe.

How a Cat Falls.

A cat is not hurt by falling because owing to the power it has of balancing itself when springing from a height it almost invariably lands on its feet. The anatomical structure of a cat's back and spine is extremely flexible, the muscles of its legs are extraordinarily strong and numerous, and further it has elastic pads or cushions consisting of a mass of fibrous tissue and fat on all its feet, seven in each forepaw and five in each hindpaw. When it falls from a height a cat nearly always alights on these pads, which, by reason of their elasticity, break the force of its fall materially. If by any chance, however, a cat falls on its back or side it is very easily injured.—New York Telegram.

Republics in South America.

It will not be far in the next century when we shall have at least two South American republics on a par with the United States in enterprise and prosperity. Chili has lately contracted for 10,000,000 ties from Puget Sound, to use in constructing a transcontinental railroad from the Pacific to the Atlantic. American engineers and contractors are in charge of the work. The aim is, in part, to connect the silver mines of the Andes with business centers. Meanwhile the Argentine states are increasing in population and receiving more immigrants in proportion to size than our own states.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HURTFUL OCCUPATIONS.

Employments Which Injure the Eyes, Lungs or Other Organs.

There are many occupations in which the eyes have to suffer, as very small objects must be critically scrutinized, frequently by artificial light. The objects, in order to be distinctly seen, must be brought quite near the eye; this necessitates great straining of the eye. The eyeball being compressed somewhat by the muscles, causes congestion, which is increased by artificial light in which there is excessive heat. Rays of yellow color are very trying to the eyes.

Engravers, lapidaries, watchmakers and sewing girls are subject to affections of the eyes, due to the above mentioned causes. They lead a sedentary life, sitting at work in a constrained attitude, with the body bent forward and shoulders rounded, so that the thoracic movements are interfered with. This produces consumption, the cases of this disease among engravers and seamstresses being very numerous. Engravers are also subject to spasms in their fingers, with disease of the skin on the hands and forearms.

Watchmakers who do the repairing have the nail on the right thumb thickened and scaly from their manner of opening watches. The nails on the thumb and index finger of the left hand show at the point where they approach each other "in order to hold delicate pieces" a worn appearance, and almost complete destruction is produced by the constant rubbing of the file. Seamstresses are sometimes poisoned by the stuffs they work upon. Many instances have occurred of arsenical poisoning in those who sewed green goods, which is colored with arsenical salts. A physician of Boston found 8.21 grains of it in one square foot of goods. An itching, eczematous eruption has been produced by tissues colored with bright aniline dyes.

Silk thread is also soaked in the acetate of lead to increase its weight, and persons who pass it through the mouth in threading needles, then bite it off with the teeth, have suffered with lead poisoning.

The influence of sewing machines on the health of women has often been discussed by eminent men, with conflicting arguments and evidence. The most elaborate investigation is by Duchesne. He found that women suffered from muscular pains and great fatigue of the lower limbs, with dyspepsia and other evils; while other writers agree that moderate work on the sewing machine is rather beneficial for health than otherwise, and that only where women work from eight to ten hours at the treadle evil results are apparent. It seems clear, therefore, that the chief source of their troubles is fatigue, which, with their habits of life, food, associations, etc., fully account for the symptoms. As the health of women is vastly more important to the national vigor than that of men, special care should ever be taken to guard it. While there are many workrooms where the machines are run by steam or water power, there are many where the machines are run by the muscles of women.

Persons performing delicate operations with their fingers, requiring long practice to learn and frequently repeated, sometimes suffer from what is called "writers' cramp," because it was first noticed in penmen. It occurs in all classes of writers, pianists, violinists, telegraph operators and others.

Musicians who play on wind instruments contract emphysema on account of the strain brought to bear on the lungs by thoracic muscles, while the expulsion of air is hindered. Those who use their voices a great deal and are obliged to speak in loud tones for a long time, often in an impure atmosphere, suffer greatly from the constant strain of the vocal organs. Such is the case among actors, teachers, singers and speakers. The most common disease among them is pharyngitis, known to all as "clergyman's sore throat." This is due largely to improper breathing and want of knowledge in giving forth the voice. Such persons cannot know too much about that beautiful organ, the voice, and should study with those who make it a great consideration. This is the best way of warding off disease of the throat and loss of voice.

People run away with the idea that gymnasts, athletes, wrestlers, are perfect Hercules, and cannot know disease. 'Tis a mistake. They undergo very universally at times severe tests of muscular exertion, and as a result of these efforts, combined with their irregular manner of living, are usually short lived men, dying of phthisis and heart disease.

Railroad employes are exposed to accidents, as well as various disorders of the nervous and circulatory systems, produced by the constant jarring to which they are subjected. In the case of engineers and firemen, by the sudden changes of weather, according to Duchesne, their health for the first few years improves and some gain flesh, but, to use his expression, they are, as a rule, tired out at ten years' service, sufferers at the end of fifteen, and after twenty years rarely are able to continue in the service. Many lose their eyesight, their hearing becomes dull, and pains in the lower limbs render walking or standing upright tiresome and difficult. He attributes these symptoms to an affection of the spinal cord, produced by long standing and constant vibration of the locomotives.—Boston Globe.

A Simple Scientific Trick.

In a large factory one of the workmen carelessly allowed his hammer to slip from his hand. It flew half way across the room and struck a fellow workman in his left eye. The man averred that his eye was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal an injury, there being not a scratch visible. He brought suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half of his eyesight and refused all offers of compromise. The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent oculist retained by the defense examined the alleged injured member and gave as his opinion that it was as good as the right eye, and proved it.

Knowing that the colors green and red combined make black, he prepared a black card, on which a few words were written with green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red and the one for the left eye consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed him and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. The sound right eye, fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.—Colorist.

Coin Statistics.

The weight and bulk of the gold and silver coin now held by the United States treasury forms the subject of inquiry by a correspondent of a mathematical turn of mind, and he finds that the weight of the gold is 601 tons of 2,000 pounds and the silver 8,000 tons. Packing it along the highway as cordwood is packed, the gold would make a barricade 4 feet high, 4 feet thick for a distance of 335 feet, and the silver, if similarly packed, would extend 4,248 feet, or five-sixths of a mile. If packed in carts a ton to each cart the procession would be nearly 31 miles long, of which distance the gold bearing carts would cover 2¼ miles and the silver a fraction over 80¼ miles.—New York Telegram.

TOM WILSON AT HOME.

HE IS THE GREATEST LIVING AMERICAN BEAR SLAYER.

A Family of Fourteen Children and Three Bears—Some Hard Fights Big Tom Has Had with Bruins—Keeping Up a Fire All Night to Keep the Game Up a Tree.

Around Asheville are many interesting points, but none so highly novel as the home of Big Tom Wilson, the most noted living bear hunter in America.

Big Tom has killed up to the present writing just 357 bears, exclusive of the cubs he has captured and killed.

He was born and raised at the foot of Black mountain, one of the highest peaks in western North Carolina, and has been hunting bear since a mere boy.

It is worth the ride of thirty-five miles on horseback through the mountains from Asheville to visit the home of, and see and talk with, Big Tom.

A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN HOME.

A small log hut, with stick and mud chimney, at the foot of Black mountain and on the edge of a small stream known as Caney river. There is not another house within ten miles, and to any but the most experienced mountain guide the place is inaccessible, there being only one small gap through the mountains by which it is possible to reach the place, for Caney river a short distance below the hunter's mountain home is suddenly lost from view and appears above ground again miles away on the other side of the mountain.

Thus Big Tom is monarch of all he surveys.

Tom has a wife and fourteen children, all of whom live in the one room of the small log cabin. But children are not the only live stock that Tom has, for around his home are three large black pet bears. These are his dogs or his hunting companions.

Tom is a great burly fellow, 6 feet 4 inches tall, with broad shoulders and muscles of steel. His beard is long and black, slightly tinged with gray. His hair is as straight as an Indian's, and hangs down over his shoulders. His eyebrows are long and bushy, while beneath them is as piercing a pair of gray eyes as one could imagine. He is a perfect type of the ideal mountain huntsman, and a mere glance at him would indicate to the most conservative that he could grapple with and conquer, empty handed, the most ferocious bear.

But Tom has had one tussle empty handed, and says he never wants another. As a consequence his face and body are covered with scars, and one finger of his right hand is gone.

It was in the fall of 1882. He had been hunting over the mountains, and having struck no game had rested his rifle against a tree and lain down for a nap. He awoke suddenly to find a big black bear on his hind legs, with the gun clutched between his paws, and almost over him. Tom jumped to his feet in an instant. But the bear was equally quick, and, dropping the gun, made for Tom. They grappled, and, as Tom expresses it, "there was the greatest hugging match for half an hour you ever saw."

Tom held his own admirably at first, but the bear bit and tore at his clothes until they were all off, and then tore the flesh from his shoulders in hunks. Tom was choking the bear with his great hands of iron and the bear was hugging and tearing at his arms and shoulders. He was bleeding from a dozen different wounds and rapidly growing weak when he stumbled on a rock and fell, with the bear on top. His back struck something hard. It was his rifle. His hopes arose, and with a great effort he turned, caught the muzzle of the rifle with one hand, pressed it against the throat of the bear and quickly pulled the trigger with the other.

The ball crashed through the neck and brain of the bear, and he fell over dead. Tom was saved, but, to use his own expression, he "will never tackle another bar without ole trusty," his rifle.

TRAINED FOR HUNTING.

Tom was never known to trap a bear. He says that is taking an unfair advantage of the "critters."

Just after his single handed experience with the bear Tom got three large ones out of one tree. He and his boy were going over the mountains unarmed. They were nine miles from his cabin, and it was late in the afternoon when he spied three bears in the limbs of a chestnut tree eating the fruit. He immediately built a large fire around the trunk of the tree and sent his boy home for his rifle, while he remained to keep up the fire and prevent them from getting away.

The trip was a long and rugged one, and the boy did not return until the next morning, but Big Tom kept the fire burning and watched all night. At sunrise the boy had returned, and Tom got all three in that many shots.

Big Tom don't hunt as much now as he used to, but he never returns without game. The three bears he has at his home he raised, having captured them when cubs. They are as obedient to his command as dogs, and always accompany him on his hunts. He says they never fail to find bear, and as a wild one seeing them will approach, he can kill them without difficulty. Two of them are scarred and bitten up quite badly, for sometimes Tom carries them out to see them fight with and kill the wild ones around the mountains.

They sometimes, however, have very tough fights, and on one or two occasions Tom has been compelled, in order to save his pets, to enter the melee armed with a knife and assist them in the fight.

At home they are generally chained, but the big man's children play around them and the little ones often ride on their backs around the cabin.

Tom says he is getting old now, and is going to give up hunting, but those who know him say he will never give it up until he is too old to climb the mountains. He is now apparently about 55 years of age, and perhaps the most perfect specimen of physical manhood to be found in this country.—Asheville (N. C.) Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Common Sense and Pianoforte Playing.

Professor Watzoldt, the director for the Elisabethschule (a girls' school in Germany), has addressed a very serious warning to parents and guardians on one of the evils of the present system of teaching girls. He points out the difference between the "musician" and the "pianoforte player," and shows how far they are from being synonymous, as they are often supposed to be. He refers to the illogical practice of excusing children from certain subjects of the school course, and at the same time insisting on long continued and excessive exertions at the pianoforte. He shows how great a draft on the nervous energy of the body is entailed by pianoforte playing, and says that where parents can be prevailed upon to diminish the hours of pianoforte practice, or stop it altogether, a marked improvement in general health invariably follows. Professor Watzoldt, therefore, recommends (1) that pianoforte instruction should not begin until the age of 12; (2) that only girls of sound health and who show some talent for music should be made to play.—Detroit Free Press.

Another Cause of Delay.

Few people who utter complaints of the inefficiency of the postal department when a letter chances to go astray realize that in the majority of cases the fault is not so much [illegible] the people themselves.

A letter carrier, who has been in the service for years, told The Man About Town that hundreds of letters are lost through the depositing of circulars in the ordinary street boxes.

"You can readily see," said he, "how easy it is for a letter falling into a letter box to slip inside the envelope inclosing a circular. In running over the circulars at the office we find hundreds of letters thus hid away that might, but for the closest vigilance, go astray and never reach their destinations. I remember that when I was collecting mail on one of the heavy down town districts one of the large firms deposited several hundred circulars in one of the street boxes, and a few minutes later another firm mailed in the same box a letter inclosing a heavy draft to meet one of their eastern bills. A few days later complaint was made that the letter containing the draft was lost, and a special agent was detailed to trace it up. The result was that I came very near losing my position. After six weeks' delay the letter was returned from Texas, having gotten there by being concealed in the envelope inclosing one of the circulars."—St. Louis Republic.

South American Ostriches.

The South American ostriches, or rheas, go about the open grass lands in groups of from twenty to thirty females, led and carefully guarded by one male bird. About the end of August the male bird makes the nest, and the hens go down one by one to lay their eggs, and the laying season being over, the male bird proceeds to carry out the incubation. The process of incubation lasts over a month; and the hatcher, knowing that his progeny will soon surround him, turns out three or four eggs from the nest, where in the hot sun they soon become decomposed. When the young birds begin to make their appearance, the father breaks these eggs, the flies get on them, and in twenty-four hours they are a mass of maggots, thus supplying to the young brood tender food until they are able to pick up insects and grasshoppers.—New York Telegram.

He Is Up a Tree.

There is an old man on the Upper Savannah, living on the Georgia side of the river, who has not lived in a house since the earthquake of 1886. An old oak, with inviting limbs, has been his place of abode since the shake up referred to. During the earthquake his house was stirred violently, the chimney tumbling in, and he ran from it in fright, and has never returned to it. A negro was employed to bring him from the building such articles as he needed, and he has built himself a sleeping place in the limbs of the tree, with a stout canvas as his only shelter from the rain. His cooking is done on the ground, and his reception room is the grassy spot under the shade of the oak. The least rumbling will cause his precipitate rush to terra firma, and he will instantly jump to the ground at the sound of thunder or on seeing a flash of lightning.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Give Him a Monument.

A Pennsylvania baker committed suicide because his bread was bad three times in succession! If this were a rule with bakers—that is, if they would commit hari-kari when they could not digest their own oven products—it would save the rest of mankind from often wishing for death. But, really, what is the world coming to! A too speedy advent of honesty in all departments of business would be disastrous. No bakers! no bankers! no shoemakers! no grocers! no clothiers! no one left but plumbers! Let us evolutionize slowly; but by all means raise a monument to the Pennsylvania baker—a Vienna twist in granite.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Some English Advertisements.

Here are some advertisements which have recently appeared in the London papers: "A young lady most earnestly wishes to become acquainted with thorough believers in spiritualism. No trifler need answer." "A smart young novelist wanted at once. Salary about £4, increase to £6. Hours good. Good connection." "Agents wanted to sell a beautiful portrait of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, printed upon wood cut down by himself." "Young man wants secretarial engagement with literary man. Qualifications, Considerable ignorance, fair capacity for labor, some literary enthusiasm and the ability to write shorthand."—Detroit Free Press.

THE NAMES OF CITIES.

PROF. FREEMAN ON THE ORIGIN OF AMERICAN PLACE NAMES.

Many Were Transplanted from Foreign Lands—The Name Washington Traced Back to England—An Observer of the Country's Nomenclature.

The history of the United States, especially that of the eastern states, is plainly written in their local nomenclature. The nomenclature of itself could tell us at what period of English history the settlement was made. Virginia might or might not suggest the Virgin Queen—perhaps that might be going a long way—but Jamestown, Charleston, Carolina, Maryland, Albany (in connection with New York), Orange county, Annapolis, Georgia, a crowd of names of the same class, speak for themselves, tell us under what kings, queens and princes the settlements were made. Royal and princely names are not unknown in the north, but they are far more common in the south, while the north has a class of names peculiar to itself, names like Salem, Providence, Concord, which distinctly bear the stamp of one of the great religious parties of England.

The map alone could show that New England was largely settled by Puritans, and that Virginia and Maryland were largely settled by Cavaliers. And as Philadelphia could not be reasonably supposed to directly have been settled from one of the seven churches of Asia, too, it might suggest, though not with the same certainty as Salem and Providence, that its presence was a sign of the religious movements of the Seventeenth century. Thus, without consulting man or book, such an inquirer as I have supposed might put together a fair skeleton history of the earlier days of the thirteen states. He could see that the settlement was almost wholly made from England, but that in one district it was first made from the seven provinces. New Netherlands is still visible enough, though New Sweden could, perhaps, hardly show itself.

Our inquirer will see that a great number of the chief towns in England have their more recent namesakes on American soil. He will not be surprised to come across London, York, Boston, Bristol, Northampton, Worcester, Litchfield, a crowd of other names familiar in his own land; he would rather be surprised if it were not so. But when he comes to the capital of the whole land and finds that it bears the name of Washington, he may well wonder at it. That English settlers should reproduce the names of cities like Bristol and Worcester in their new country would seem the most obvious thing in the world. But why should any of them call any place, above all, why should they call the head city of all, after a place so obscure as the elder Washington in England? I fancy that it may be news to some in both hemispheres that there is any Washington in England. I remember a certain satisfaction that I once felt in pointing out to an American friend in England a bill on a wall in the city of Durham, announcing that a sale of something or other was to take place at the unfamous Washington in that part of the world.

Our inquirer will perhaps think it hardly possible that Washington in the District of Columbia could have been directly called [illegible]ham. He will have to think by what intermediate steps the name of one could have been carried to another. And as men so often bear the names of places, and as places so often bear the names of men, he will be strongly tempted to risk the guess that the younger Washington was called after some man whose forefather had taken the name of the elder, and had therefore originally come from the elder. Without knowing a single act of the actual George Washington, our inquiry would come very near to the moral certainty that some bearer of his surname had, at one important stage of the history of the country, stood out so far above other men that he was thought worthy of giving his name to the meeting place of the nation.

This is a good deal to find out by the map alone; but it is quite certain that our somewhat impossible person, the man who knew so much of other history as to be able to go through this process, and so little of American history as to need to go through it, could easily, without any kind of help, find out as much as this. Having taken our inquiring friend to Washington, it may be well to leave him there. The United States may be thankful for many things connected with their first president, and for his name not the least. It was good luck indeed that gave the Federal capital a name so happy in every way. No succeeding president has a name in the least suited for the purpose till we come to Abraham Lincoln. And Lincoln would not have done so well as Washington, because Lincoln could not fail to suggest the Lincoln of the elder country, while Washington practically stands by itself, and suggests the elder Washington only to a few who are specially curious in such matter. A city might indeed have been named Alexander Hamilton; but it was well that the Federal capital was saved from the ill luck of those places which have been called after Jefferson, or even after Adams.

The older nomenclature of the United States is good in every way. Be the name native, or Puritan, or descriptive, or borrowed from some place in England, all these are good elements. But alas, the art of nomenclature seems to have died out both in America and everywhere else. With endless Teutonic endings to choose from—ton, burgh, ham, wick, by—for the settlers from Scandinavia, the favorite fashion seems now to be to add on a French ville even to English place names which are ready made. What name can be better than Whitney except its true form, Witney? Yet Whitney was not thought enough, and there is a Whitneyville. Yet it is not true that to pass by not a few Washingtons, which do not boast of capitols, there is somewhere within the borders of the Union a set of men for whom Washington was not enough, and who must needs add a little French elegance in the shape of Washingtonville.—Edward A. Freeman in New York Mail and Express.

Henry Ward Beecher in Tears.

The interesting fact is just disclosed that of all the stories which Henry Ward Beecher read during his lifetime, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's beautiful tale of "Marse Chan" was his special favorite. The story was first brought to Mr. Beecher's attention from a reading of it by a rich southern lady, who subsequently moved to London. When the great preacher was on his last visit to London he made it a special request that the reading should be repeated to him by the same lady; and he had actually, amid all his engagements, not forgotten to bring over a copy of "Marse Chan," so that he might not be disappointed. An evening was fixed at Dr. Joseph Parker's house, at which Mr. Beecher stayed during his visit to London. The scene which followed the reading was one never to be forgotten by those present. Mr. Beecher had begun by the statement that he intended to have "a good cry," and before the story was half through he had realized the expectation, for great tears were falling down the Plymouth pastor's cheeks, and every lady in the room, including the reader, was sobbing aloud.—Washington Press.

True Realism.

"Well, sir, you heard me sing 'Masaniello' yesterday. Are you ready to engage me?" "I don't know. Your voice was very heavy. You were almost hoarse." "In heaven's name, don't you understand that I am a realistic player? Don't you see that 'Masaniello' was a fisherman and almost all day in the water? He must have had a continual cold."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Reform on the Turf.

Stories of the turf and articles on the speed of horses are growing particularly common in both continental and English as well as American papers and magazines. These are accompanied by efforts at "turf reform," which find culmination in The Fortnightly. The fact is, the honest racing of horses is not that contemptible or disgraceful affair that it has been held to be by those who abhor gambling. It has been, however, mainly in the hands of fast men and that curious breed commonly called horsemen. One of the most beautiful sights in the world is a fleet racer, a thoroughbred at his mettle; and there is no reason why honest, moral people shall not have the pleasure of seeing and enjoying such sights. Let the reform go on as it has gone on in other pleasures once tabooed by decency.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fancy and Fact.

An Irishman, waxing eloquent upon the glories of the old country, declared that a certain nobleman's palace, not far from where he used to live, had "three hundred and twenty-five winders, one winder for ivery day in the year."

Another man, who was always complaining of the hard work he had to do, broke out one day: "Well, now, I wish I was home again in me father's foine old castle."

"Your father's foine old castle, is it?" said one of his companions. "Sure and it was a foine old castle and no mistake. Ye could stand on the roof of yer father's castle, put yer hand down the chimney and open the front door."—Philadelphia Press.

Discouraging.

It was Satan, a liar from the beginning, who said: "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

Smith—Hullo, Johnson, you're not looking well.

Johnson—No, I'm under the weather. I've had to leave off smoking, too.

Smith—That's bad—very bad.

Johnson—Yes, but that isn't the worst of it. I'm afraid that leaving off smoking is going to do me good!—Medical and Surgical Reporter.

Early Building Associations.

From data that seem reliable we learn that the first building association in this country was organized in a suburb of the city of Philadelphia, called Frankford, Jan. 3, 1831, and named the "Oxford Provident Building association." The scheme was simple. There was a single series of stock, entrance fee of $5, monthly dues on each share of stock $3, and matured value of shares $500. The shares reached their maturity in ten years and six months, and the association was dissolved. A new association of the same name was formed at once.

Another similar association was formed in the same place in 1845, called the "Franklin Building association," in which the matured value of the shares was placed at $200 and monthly dues at $1. In 1847 an association similar to the Franklin was organized in the Kensington district of Philadelphia. The number of shares was limited to five hundred; the matured value of shares $200, and monthly dues of $1.—Once a Week.

A Very Good Reason.

"Mamma," said Willie.

"What is it, my dear?" inquired his mother.

"Bloom's grocery story is closed."

"Indeed! What is the reason?"

"There was a piece of paper on the door with writing on it and it said—and it said"—

"Well, my child, can't you recollect what was written on the paper?"

Willie paused for a moment and then replied:

"I think it said, 'Closed on account of deadness in the family.'"—Lewiston Journal.

No Show for the Murderer.

A man who had committed a dreadful murder fled and was pursued by the officers of the law and the relatives of the murdered victim. On reaching a river he saw a lion on the bank, and being dreadfully afraid climbed a tree for safety. He, however, discovered a serpent on the upper branches of the tree, and being greatly alarmed, threw himself into the river, where he was seized and devoured by an alligator. Thus the air, the earth and the water alike refused to shelter a murderer.—Texas Siftings.

RECLAIMED.

We once were factious, fierce, and wild,
To peaceful arts unreconciled;
Our blankets smeared with grease and stains
From buffalo meat and settlers' veins.
Through summer's dust and heat content,
From moon to moon unwashed we went;
But IVORY SOAP came like a ray
Of light across our darkened way.

And now we're civil, kind and good,
And keep the laws as people should,
We wear our linen, lawn and lace,
As well as folks with paler face.
And now I take, where'er we go,
This cake of IVORY SOAP to show
What civilized my squaw and me
And made us clean and fair to see.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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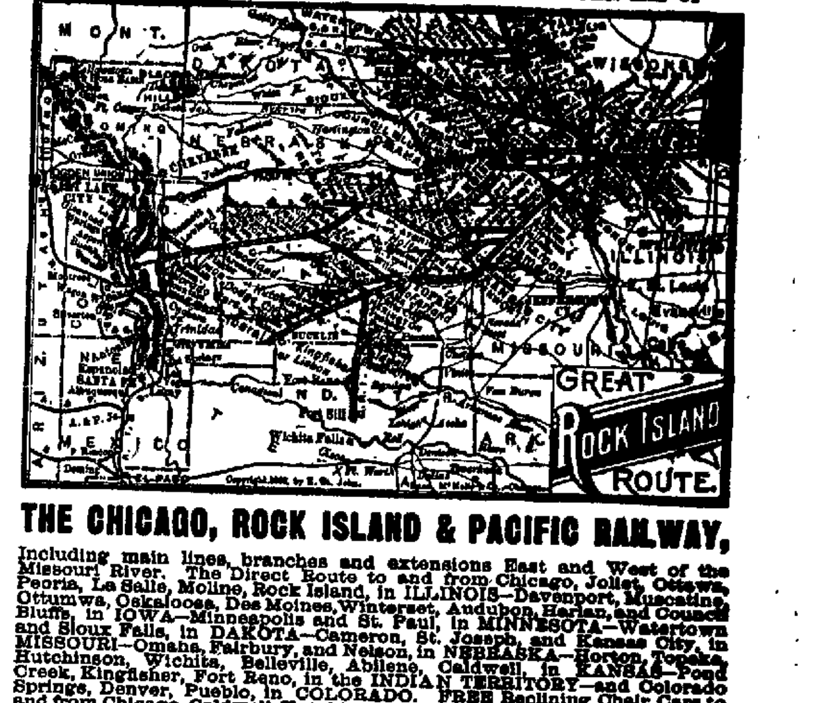
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889

Isn't it about time to wind up that discussion on Agnosticism and Christianity in the magazines? Really, it's very hot weather.

"The fashion of writing up funerals as though they were social events is one to be sincerely deplored, not to say frowned upon, by the community," remarks The Boston Herald.

The suicide list runs up in this hot weather. A coroner who has studied the subject says he can tell with close accuracy how many persons will kill themselves on a given day merely by looking at the thermometer.

The absorption of the Cheespeake and Ohio railway by the Vanderbilt system was for the purpose of giving the Vanderbilt lines a better outlet to the west and south. The deal illustrates perfectly how a few great railroads are swallowing the rest.

Twenty-four hundred students of medicine and surgery annually attend the different professional colleges of New York city. How many of these incipient M. D.'s were well up in the three R's before they entered medical school is not stated.

To get rid of the English sparrow a writer in The Boston Herald proposes the wholesale use of poison. It could be used in winter when other birds are mostly away, and could be put in places unfrequented by other birds. The English sparrow, like the poor, is always with us, and he would get the full benefit of the dose.

Editor Dana's Garden.

A writer in Garden and Forest pictures Charles A. Dana's country home as one of the paradises of the new world. It is on a beautiful 45 acre island called Dosoris, lying in the Sound, near the north shore of Long Island.

Sixteen years ago, soon after he had brought The New York Sun to a state of prosperity, Mr. Dana bought Dosoris and began to make it the ideal country home. The whole island is occupied by the house, lawn and gardens. Mr. Dana has an especial love for trees, "our brothers of the field," as the poet puts it. His trees and shrubs constitute one of the most complete private collections in the world. They are grouped in such a way as to show to best advantage the noble vistas of semi-marine landscape that meet the eye in the outlook from Dosoris.

A sea wall surrounds the island. Even [illegible] tide mark, growing in the white sand, are locust and red cedar trees, verdure thus creeping to the water's edge. Among the trees are twenty-nine varieties of oak and thirty-nine maples. There are thirty-eight varieties of pines and twenty-three of firs. All the continents have been ransacked to contribute hardy trees. In the fruit garden there are 400 pear trees and sixty varieties of grape. Among shrubs are 2,700 azaleas. Of roses the ever blooming Bourbon, Mrs. Degraw, is Mr. Dana's favorite. The collection of orchids is very great. All these growing things are kept in the best condition. The home is perfectly appointed. Here the editor of The Sun gains the youth which he seems to keep eternally.

Distinguished Tourists.

Notable in the history of industries is the sailing of the shipload of American working people to the Paris exposition and Europe. The time has come when mechanics and sewing women can have their summer trip to Europe like the millionaires. They owe this trip to the Scripps Newspaper league. Great Britain, at government expense, sent a number of working people to study the industrial arts represented in the Paris exposition. Private enterprise sends the same kind of party from the United States—a much better way. The perfect civilization will be reached when, out of their own savings, mechanics can take an outing over seas.

More than fifty trades are represented in the intelligent and good looking people who by this time have reached foreign shores. They go especially to investigate the manual trades of Europe, and to get hints for self improvement. We may expect the effect on our own industries will be apparent, for in painstaking care and thoroughness as well as artistic finish European workmen are frequently superior to those of America.

Four women are of the representative Americans who sailed on the City of Rome. One is Leonora Barry, the earnest, eloquent organizer of the Knights of Labor. The other ladies are a cloak maker, a dress maker, and a young lady who understands every branch of tobacco manufacture. Members of all the party will examine their own particular trades in Europe.

Julian Hawthorne and other able writers are along as correspondents. There are also an artist and a photographer. Among points of interest visited will be the great Krupp gun works at Essen, Germany; the ship building yards on the Clyde, at Glasgow, and the cutlery manufactories at Sheffield. Undoubtedly, too, they will study long and well some of the exquisite china and porcelain industries. There will not be among all the European tourists this summer a better looking, more intelligent body of people than these representative workingmen and women from the United States. The best wishes of the whole country are with them.

The exposition has brought prosperity to France, and knit together the contending factions in politics. A Frenchman cannot afford to quarrel when he is making money. Therefore Boulangism hides its head, and the influence of President Carnot grows serene and strong day by day.

Queen Victoria looks out well for her posterity. After getting grants of money for them, her next aim is to get them titles. Her younger sons were made dukes. She is now seeing to it that her son-in-law and grand son-in-law shall be created somebody. The Earl of Fife, who marries Princess Louise of Wales, will be Duke of Inverness. Her majesty is also extremely anxious that Battenberg, who married Beatrice, shall receive the title of Duke of Kent.

The papers are exploiting the bravery of a plucky Brooklyn girl when a thief grabbed her pocket book that lay in her lap as she sat in a street car. This young lady, Miss Schafer, darted instantly out of the car after him, and raced along the street till she caught him, and, with the aid of a man, forced him to deliver up the plunder. But if Miss Schafer had carried her purse in her pocket, as she ought to have done, the thief would not have had a chance to snatch it.

The Sixth Sense.

A blind man, W. H. Levy, has written a book called "Blindness and the Blind." In that volume he says that when he stands before an object he can distinguish whether it is high or low, and whether it is slender or broad. In passing along the street he can distinguish large business houses from private residences. He can also tell a continuous fence from a solitary object. He is sometimes able also to tell what kind of a fence it is, whether a board fence, a hedge, or a stone wall.

Now, the question is, how does he do it? Darkness makes no difference in this strange sort of perception. A fog, however, does. The impressions, whatever they are, seem to reach through the fog faintly and irregularly, and are not to be depended on.

In some way Mr. Levy feels different impressions upon his face when he is passing the different objects. It has been surmised that the sound of one's footsteps or movements in passing various objects was reflected back in such a way as to convey impressions of height, bulk, texture, etc., but Mr. Levy declares that it is not sound that guides him. On the contrary, extraneous noises interfere with the impressions. Still, for all that, a faint sound reflected back from objects one passes may make a decided impression upon the quick ears of the blind. Railway passengers notice that walls, bridges, hills, other trains, etc., past which the car flies impress the ear so differently that by the sound alone it is often easy to tell what is outside near the track.

Mr. Levy can even distinguish doors from windows, unless the windows consist of a single sheet of glass. He calls the sense by which he perceives things "facial perception." Certainly it is unconnected with any of the individual five senses, unless it be that of touch. But all the individual five senses themselves may be resolved into the sense of touch—perceptions arising from outside impressions made upon particular organs. At any rate, here is an interesting question for psychologists.

A Railway Trust.

It is believed that the rate wars of the railroads, as well as all their other [illegible] of a gigantic trust or combination of all the roads, which will be to the advantage of long suffering stockholders. A circular has been addressed to railroad presidents and general managers looking to such an end, and they have the matter under consideration. The object of the trust, the circular says, would be to "maintain all the equities" between railway companies and stockholders, and to secure unity of interest upon an absolutely equitable basis in the ownership, earnings and operation of all the lines. With such a trust the promoters of the scheme believe that the small pooling arrangements, as well as the throat cutting of different railway companies, would be abolished.

The Delaware Whipping Post.

Here is what Governor Biggs, of Delaware, says of a certain custom peculiar to his little state:

We are old fashioned people down in Delaware, sir. I presume we are away behind the times in a good many things, and rather set in our ways, and that method of dealing with certain classes of criminals is one of our ways. Now, I am not an apologist for the whipping post, because I don't believe that Delaware needs any apologies to be made for her people or her acts, and if I did they wouldn't come with very good grace from her executive; but I can tell you some facts.

There is not in the state of Delaware today a single penitentiary. If a man beats his wife, or sets fire to a neighbor's barn, or breaks into a house, he isn't shut up with a lot of other criminals, with full time and opportunity to learn all their tricks of deviltry that he did not know before. As a preventive of crime the whipping post has a much greater terror than a term in a penitentiary, and I have never known of a man that came back for the second dose. He simply leaves the state. You may rest assured that if he stays in Delaware he lives a very quiet life. To be sure it is a relic of barbarism, but it is our way.

The idea of the Three Americas' congress originated in the United States. During Mr. Cleveland's administration, a year ago last May, congress passed a bill providing for the conference. An appropriation of $75,000 was made to meet the expenses of the occasion. The president was authorized to send the invitations. If anybody has any suggestions to offer, such as Mr. Blaine has asked for, on the subject of topics that should be discussed at the congress, he can address them to the secretary of state, Washington, indorsed "International American Congress."

Those who have well nigh gone crazy attempting to find out the difference between worsted and woolen goods may be glad to read the following: Worsted goods are manufactured from wool that has been carded and combed; woolen goods are made from wool that has been carded but not combed. The combing lays the wool fibers parallel—as in threads for the manipulation of gloves and hosiery.

An intelligence office has been opened by the Canadian government at Halifax for the purpose of supplying to fishermen along the coast information as to the movements of schools of fish for both food and bait.

Ten good books are translated from foreign languages into English in the United States for one in England. The Americans are becoming linguists.

The City Directory company have made a careful canvass of New York and estimate that its population is now 1,755,510.

Man's Spiritual Evolution.

Professor Alfred Russell Wallace asserts that the Darwinian theory of evolution is not opposed to belief in the spiritual nature and origin of man. On the contrary, it is powerfully in favor of it. Professor Wallace writes a book in support of this position. The work is called "Darwinism."

It agrees wholly with Darwin in advocating the gradual evolution of man from the simpler animal forms, up through the anthropoid ape to the human species. This evolution, Professor Wallace thinks, took place upon the plains of Central Asia. That the missing line has never been discovered may be owing to the fact that no geologist has ever explored the basin of Central Asia. Here, then, is a field still left for ambitious geologists.

But having traveled the same path with Darwin thus far, Professor Wallace here branches off. He affirms there are faculties in the nature of man that cannot be accounted for on the mere theory of natural selection, struggle for life, and the survival of the fittest. As illustrations are mentioned the musical, metaphysical, mathematical and artistic faculties. Somewhere a higher power, the spiritual power, has stepped in, and introduced these into that strange piece of work we call man. Professor Wallace, no less scientific than Darwin himself, advances arguments to prove his ground.

The work will be a comfort to orthodox believers who, hesitating between science and religion, would like to find some ground where both can meet.

Lightning Transit.

The latest invention in quick transportation is one to take away the breath of even this rapid age. A system has been adopted by the Electro-Automatic company, of Baltimore, by which it is claimed that mail and light freight of all kinds can be transported at the rate of three miles a minute, 180 miles an hour. Light trains, consisting of the motor car and one or more carrying coaches, will be sent through the country by electricity at this fearful rate of speed. There will be no human attendants on the train. It will be controlled and directed from the generating stations. The railway track is twenty-four inches wide, the motor car eighteen feet long, and pointed at both ends, to do away with atmospheric friction. For the same reason the cars fit into one another telescope fashion, thus giving a smooth, regular surface to the air. "The mails between New York and Omaha will be carried in a night," it is said, through this amazing new development of man's genius. Special rails are devised to keep the train from flying the track. The system has been fully tried at an experimental station in Baltimore, with a track two miles in circuit. The train ascends a grade here of 108 feet to the mile easily and perfectly. The originator of this stupendous invention is Mr. David G. Weems, of Baltimore. It is expected that ere long a plan will be perfected by which the present steam railways can be utilized for electric transit.

Constitution Building.

Judge Cooley, chairman of the Inter[illegible] the members of the North Dakota constitutional convention:

Don't, in your constitution making, legislate too much. In your constitution you are tying the hands of the people. Don't do that to any such extent as to prevent the legislature hereafter from meeting all evils that may be within the reach of proper legislation. Leave something for them! take care to put proper restraints on them, but at the same time leave what properly belongs to the field of legislation to the legislature of the future. You have got to trust some one in the future, and it is right and proper that each department of government should be trusted to perform its legitimate functions.

The new states have opportunity to make their constitutions a vast improvement on those of the old states. They can incorporate what are the best ideas of the time on fundamental government, they can profit by the mistakes of the old states, and they can leave out a good deal of what has become antiquated rubbish in these because it has been outgrown.

As was to be expected, every crank notion that has watered the brain of impracticables for the past few years has come knocking at the door of these young states to get into their constitutions.

Wisdom in this case consists in knowing what not to do. The United States constitution is not a very lengthy document, yet even it has had to be changed, at a great cost. In a constitution only the organic law should be incorporated, the ordinances which, so far as can be known, will govern the state in all time, regardless of changing opinion. The model constitution is very short and simple, containing no special legislation. It leaves to the legislative body the passing of laws for particular instances. Indeed, our splendid young sisters should not forget that England has got on for 1,500 years without any written constitution at all.

ELEANOR KIRK'S GOSSIP.

WESTERLY, R. I. July 29 1889

EDITOR GAZETTE:—There is a hornet's nest among the mothers-in-law. From the indignant communications that come pouring in upon me, one would suppose that I had made direct and offensive charges against every woman who had a son or a daughter married. One wrathy correspondent writes that she "let her son's wife severely alone until by mismanagement and culpable imprudence she had killed 2 of her children, and then she thought it was time to interfere." Another declares that her son "became a chronic invalid through his wife's inattention to his wants, and her inability to provide a nurishing food and that if she—the mother-in-law—had not come to the rescue, her darling boy would now be dead instead of a healthy, vigorous man." Now if these stories are literally true, and the daughters-in-law have no cases, they are nevertheless exceptions. The author of the first letter remarks that perhaps I "think a woman has a right to murder her children, and that the children's relatives should stand by and let her." I am not sure that I do not think this wife had a right to murder her mother-in-law. A woman who is so illogical, so utterly unable to see things in their proper relations, so eager to distort and misrepresent, must be a versatile crank, and I have not the slightest use for her. In fact, my sympathies are entirely with the daughter-in-law.

Apropos of this sympathy with my own sex, a gentleman, who by the way is very brilliant and witty, put in a demurrer. He says, "why not give the boys a show once in a while? The fact is, we would be delighted occasionally to have a special chapter to our ownselves. Of course we are not as good as women, but then we are alive, and subject to the same hopes and fears and styles—though of course in a modified degree—as the other and more important half of creation. We would like to know if Mr. Annie Jenness Miller has any feelings of compassion for us men folk? The suspenders we wear for instance, though highly extolled by those who have been trying to work a reform in woman's dress, are very uncomfortable and anything that is uncomfortable is sure to be unhealthy. A belt is detestable, because it cannot be kept in place, and then it girts a fellow so. But nobody comes to our rescue. May I ask if it is not a matter of equal consequence for a man to look well and be well as for a woman. Then we are not above knowing what is fashionable in neckties and shoes. Where is the angel who will attend to our dress and our morals?" I wouldn't take the latter job at any price. It is too big a contract. But I will study up on neckties and shoes, and see if anything can be done in the suspender matter with the greatest pleasure.

A man, a new man, a young man and a very bright young man, has written the novel of the season. His name is Frederic Alva Dean, and the name of his novel is "Petosega." Those who want something unique and really delightful to read, something as different from the usual work of fiction as can possibly be imagined, should purchase this book. Some critics declare that Dean has out-Haggarded Haggard, but it does not strike me in this way. The author has certainly a powerful imagination, and he has used it to wonderful advantage. The style is quaint and classic, and the plot is handled with the skill of a master. "Petosega" is one of the most original novels that I have ever read and the author has proved himself a young man of genius.

In reference to the revision of novels, plays, lectures, articles, etc., etc., concerning which so many questions are asked, I would say that it is utterly impossible to name a price for such work until the manuscript has been examined. This ought to be easily understood, but it does not seem to be, for there is scarcely a day which does not bring the query—"What will you ask to revise such and such a thing for me?" Now some manuscripts need a little pruning and fixing, and some need to be almost re-written to be made acceptable, and how can one tell till one makes an examination? Then again the price of the books "Periodicals that Pay Contributors," and "Information for Authors," is one dollar each, and not ten cents or fifty cents, as many seem to think. The first book gives a list of the publications that pays for accepted matter, and the second volume tells how and what to write, the kind of literature that is desired by different journals, prices paid for articles, and much more that is important both for young writers and authors of experience. The books are not phamphlets, but are bound in cloth, and are exactly what they claim to be.

Among the thousand and one questions contantly asked, not one is more common than this—"how shall I invest the money received from the insurance upon my husband's life?" As is frequently the case, this money is all the widow possesses. In looking over my correspondence, I find that the [illegible] the sum of $5000 in this way is larger than those who have received less or more. So I judge that this amount is the average one with working people. The plan of depositing this money in a bank and drawing from it till it is exhausted, will scarcely commend itself to the prudent, and yet I am sometimes forced to think that in many cases this would be the wisest arrangement, because so many women are cheated out of every dollar that comes to them in this way. The benificiary would be then benefited long as the money lasted. Government bonds and stocks sound well, but what does the average woman know about these things? There is certainly one thing that I can advise against, and that is investments in new or unttied securities that promise large interest. I could give the names of scores of widows who have been foolish in this way and have been utterly ruined A friend of mine who received twenty thousand dollars insurance at her father's death, lost every cent of it in mining stocks, or rather in waste paper, for there was no mine. It seems to me that the new Annuity Plan of the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford meets the wants of women who are at loss how to invest their money to the best advantage, and who are ignorant of business methods. By this novel arrangement the money is paid piece-meal instead of in a lump, and "The Travelers becomes guardian of the interests of the beneficiary. The money invested for whatever term is desirable, and pays the family a 4 to 10 per. cent income, according as it is wanted, and runs for ten or twenty-five years, or any number between. — This investment is absolutely free of of taxes, and cannot be assessed or drawn upon for dividends. This seems to me a splendid simplification of the difficulty. To know that one's money is absolutely safe is a great thing to begin with. To be free of taxes and assessments and the danger of diminution of income by dividends, are added blessings. One woman writes me that she has five thousand dollars and three children, and the oldest is seven years old, and all she can do is to "do up fine linen." "Shall I turn laundress, and use only the interest of this sum, or shall I trust to luck and use the money as long as it lasts?" she asks. Turn laundress, and save the interest also, and if I add that it seems to me that none but a fool would ask such a question, I am saying exactly what is in my mind.

A little four-year-old friend of mine was asked the other day by a lady who should have known better, if she were not afraid to go to bed alone. "Afraid?" the child answered. "I dess not. I'm a dood dirl, and all the mans loves me, and Dod is up tairs." What a blessed thing it would be for us struggling, grown-up way farers, if we all believed that "God was up stairs."

If "Agnes M." had given me her full name and address, I should have written her a private letter, and given her the desired information. My correspondent from Peru, must have found what she asked for in my last week's letter. If not, and she will send me her name I will furnish it.

I do wish my friends would not ask me about corsets. I do not believe in them and consequently I cannot recommend any particular kind. I would like to make a corset bonfire, and when it got well under way to pitch in all the high-heeled shoes that are in existence. Corsets, French heels and heavy dresses have filled the world with invalids.

ELEANOR KIRK.

—A storm at Jacksonville, Fla., has razed many valuable buildings and trees and fences to the ground and killed several horses and cattle. Several people were injured.

Miscellaneous

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won Merit Wins for Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

No. 717.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Penna., at the close of business, July 12th, 1889.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$420,536 43
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	19,541 94
Due from approved reserve agents	62,940 64
Due from other National Banks	1,531 95
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	9,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,264 10
Checks and other cash items	988 00
Bills of other Banks	1,454 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	1 37
Specie	14,245 00
Legal tender notes	16,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$649,504 29

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92,220 00
Surplus fund	35,000 00
Undivided profits	12,742 85
National Bank notes outstanding	22,700 00
Dividends unpaid	454 80
Individual deposits subject to check	374,118 02
Due to other National Banks	50,807 05
Due to State Banks and bankers	1,461 57
TOTAL	$649,504 29

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 19th day of July, 1889.

W. H. H. FINE, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:

L. A. HOGUET, JOHN BURTON, PIERSON MITCHELL, } Directors.

Executor's Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT TO THE LAST WILL AND testament of John Wright, deceased, will be sold on SATURDAY, the THIRD DAY OF AUGUST, 1889, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the following house and lot in which he resided, situated on the N. E. side of Bath street, in the Borough of Bristol.

The lot is 25 feet in front by 148 feet in depth, and is bounded by lands of Mary Closson, Rebecca Butler, etc.

The improvements are a good 2-story brick house, 25x30 feet, a 2-story brick building back, 15 feet square, with cellar underneath; frame shed in the rear 15x8 feet, in which is a water hydrant. Having 5 large rooms besides attic and shed. Fruit trees in yard.

The property is in a central part of the town, well built, commodious and in good order, and valuable both as a residence and place of business

JAMES WRIGHT, ANTHONY SWAIN, Executors.

WM. KINSEY, Auct.

Agents Wanted

FOR THE PRUDENTIAL LIFE INSURance Co. Apply to Chas. E. Hutton, Supt. N. E. Cor. Wood and Lafayette Sts., Bristol, Pa. P. O. Box 156.

JESSE O. THOMAS,

NOTARY PUBLIC

BRISTOL, PA.

WILLIAM GRACE'S

New York Wall Paper Store.

A full line of Wall Papers and Window Shades, newest and handsomest designs. Painting, Glazing, Graining, and Kalsominting, Graining and Paper Hanging a specialty. A nice line of fine goods for special use. No. 18 Mill Street.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,

William M. Stackhouse.

OF BRISTOL TOWNSHIP.

Subject to Democratic Rules.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau. 10 Spruce St., New York.

LEM WONG,

Chinese Laundry,

No. 50 Mill St., Bristol.

☞ Clothes of every description done up in first-class manner. Look at some of the prices.

Shirts, ironed,	10c	Shirts, new,	12c.
Collars,	2 for 5c	Cuffs per pair,	5c
Undershirts,	7c	Underclothes,	7c
Woolen shirts,	7c	Baby caps,	35c
White dress, 75c to $1.50			
Socks, per pair,	3c	Handkerchiefs,	3c
Boys' jackets,	12c	Neckties,	2c

and other things equally cheap.

Work taken on every day of the week and returned the third or fourth day thereafter.

Goods not called for in 60 days will be sold. No articles delivered until paid for.

GIVD ME A TRIAL.

J. T. DUNCAN and MRS. DUNCAN,

Take this method to inform their former patrons that they have returned to

Bristol and Located at 48 Mill St.

Next door to Adam's Express office, in the store lately vacated by Grumbacher, where they intend to supply the inhabitants of Bristol and vicinity with a good line of

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, HOSIERY,

At Lowest Cash Prices.

N. B.—Store will open Saturday, April 20th.

DR. G. W. ADAMS, Dentist,

No. 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.

MAKES the "Fragrant Dentilave" for the Teeth. He makes a Mouth-wash for the cure of "Scurvy," or Chronic Inflammation of the Gums. He is author of "Adams' Tooth-Powder"; and his Tooth-Brushes are the best in the market—each 25 cents.

He also settles estates and attends to other financial matters with promptness and dispatch.

SOLID OAK BED ROOM SUIT

7 Pieces for $19.00.

The above will give you an idea of the prices that we ask for Fine Furniture and Bedding at our warerooms. We manufacture largely our own goods, consequently the prices are all lower than the usual retail dealers ask.

A. J. H. MACKIE,

Fine Furniture & Bedding,

No 119 North Second St., Phila.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, July 28, 1889.

If your buying thought is Dress Goods, write to us stating the kind of fabric you have in mind, or the purpose for which you desire to use it, with the price you wish to pay, and we will promptly place in your hands samples of the best we can supply at the price. That should mean the best anywhere, for the Wanamaker stock of Dress Goods is the largest and best selected we know of in the world. If you do not know the technical name of the goods, no matter: tell us how they look to your eyes, or how you suppose they look, and we will find them.

Just so of anything else; settle on what you want, as near as may be, and write for it.

Sporting things,
Fishing tackle,
Furnishing goods,
Toilet articles,
Millinery fixings,
Books of every sort,

and the thousand other things for home use or wear or house decorating that we have a store full of.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent of the entire railroad mileage of Montana spans the Territory with its main line from east to west; is the only short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 50 per cent of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the center of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colors.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the spring and summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Strictly Pure Spices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Hard Rubber Trusses, $3 each, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for circulars.

Wooden tooth-picks—2500 for 5 cents, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Window Glass of all sizes and at low prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Paints—ready-mixed—$1 a gallon, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil—very palatable—75 cents a pint, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Paint Brushes of every size and price, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

—THEY COULD NOT AGREE.—War in the ranks of the Wall Paper Manufacturers has caused a drop in prices unprecedented. We get this information from the Fidelity Wall Paper Company, of No. 12 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, who have decided to give the advantage of this reduction. They are selling some very handsome gold papers at twelve and fifteen cents.

Genuine Ceylon Cinnamon is very much better than the ordinary, and sells for 25 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, 50 cents a pound, 15 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Hard Rubber Trusses of every size and numerous designs, at much lower than Philadelphia prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

"IS IT SAFE to neglect yourself if troubled with any disease of the kidneys? No, it is dangerous; and if you are so afflicted, attend to yourself now. Do not wait, but use Sulphur Bitters at once. They cured me when I was given up to die by several physicians. —Jonathan Ham, Boston.

Miscellaneous

Smithin C. Shortlidge's Media Academy.

Near Philadelphia.
School Opens Sept. 19th.
Yearly Expense, $300.
Quarterly Paym'ts, $125.

Admits and classifies young men and boys at any time; fits them for Business, any College, Polytechnic School, for West Point or Annapolis. Advanced classes in Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Electrical or Civil Engineering, Classics, Mathematics, etc. One of the best-equipped and best-managed Schools. All students board with the Principal. Teachers all men and graduates of best-class colleges. Fine buildings, single or double rooms. Every room has in it a steam radiator and is completely furnished. Grounds often acres for foot-ball, base ball, athletics, etc. Gymnasium. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly. Private tutoring and special drill for backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies, or a Business, College Preparatory, Electrical, or Civil-Engineering course. Physical and Chemical Laboratory. Practical Business Department, with Telegraphy, Shorthand, Type writing, etc., etc. More fully supplied with apparatus than any other College fitting school. Media Academy affords every home comfort, the best education, and the best training. Fixed prices cover every expense. No examination for admission. New illustrated catalogue sent free to any address. SMITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A.B., A.M. (Harvard Graduate), Principal and Proprietor, Media, Pa. Circulars at this office.

DeWITT BROS.,

Pond Street.

Ornamental & Shade Trees

—OF—

EVERY DISCRIPTION,

—FOR THE—

LAWN & GARDEN.

Just the Time to Plant.

A dozen Best Varieties of GRAPE VINES, including all of the Best White, from 25 cents each up, will fruit next year.

Early Truck and Vegetables of Our Own Raising.

Pansies, Daisies, Violets, Forget-me-nots and Roses

BY THE 1,000.

Now is the time to plant them to secure good results. Thousands of plants in bloom.

For EASTER our stock is Larger, Better and Cheaper than ever. Two more new houses filled entirely with new stock. You are invited to examine our plants.

HERE YOU ARE!

Now Order Early and Get Fresh Vegetables for your Dinner. LOOK at the goodly array of Good Things received here:

NEW POTATOES, Floridas,
FLORIDA CABBAGE,
STRING BEANS,
TOMATOES,
PA. ASPARAGUS,

Best in the Market.

RHEUBARB, RADISHES,
LETTUCE, SPINACH,
ONIONS,

And Best of all, the Delicious and Toothsome BLACKBERRIES.

For sale now at the

Bloomsburg Grocery,

Wood and Dorrance Streets,

Bristol, Pa.

J. M. MACCORKLE, Manager.

SAMUEL SCOTT,

THE MILL STREET GROCERY!

74 MILL STREET,

WHERE WILL BE FOUND

Provisions, Fruits, Nuts, Etc;

OF ALL KINDS,

And as Cheap as will be found in Bristol.

James Warden,

DEALER IN

Groceries, Provisions, Fruits, &c.

Cor. PENN AND POND STS., BRISTOL, PA.

W. S. WILKINSON,

PAPERHANGER and PAINTER,

BRISTOL, Pa.

Address a postal card to P. O. Box 234, and your orders will receive prompt attention.

WM. M. LUKENS,

—DEALER IN—

Groceries and Provisions, Fruits and Canned Goods.

Prices will compare with other Stores.

COR. DORRANCE AND POND STREETS.

GEO. J. SHEPPARD'S

NEW MEAT MARKET,

86 Mill Street, Bristol.

Next to Comforts', where will be found the best BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL and POULTRY.

Garden Vegetables in season.

YOUR TRADE IS SOLICITED.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CHARLES HANES, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

SAMUEL P. HANES, or B. F. & A. W. GILKESON Washington, D. C. & W. S. WRIGHT, Attys.

AGENTS WANTED.

To canvass for of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms GENEVA NURSERY Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, NEW YORK.

HOGUET'S

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Pioneer Drug Store!

Nos. 13 & 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.

The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County. (ESTABLISHED IN 1844.) By the present proprietor.

A large stock of first class Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.

Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

L. A. HOGUET, Druggist and Pharmacist

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE.

55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.

We have on hand a large & well selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,

Perfumery & Toilet Articles,

White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.

Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's

Ready Mixed Paints,

These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

ELEGANT PHOTOGRAPHS

CABINETS $2 PER DOZ.

Chandler & Scheetz,

828 ARCH ST.,

1433 CHESTNUT ST.,

Opposite Young Men's Christian Association Building.

PHILADELPHIA.

T. W. & C. J. Patton,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

BEST BRANDS OF

Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.

No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 5th district: "CLARENDON", guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORILLARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BECHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos.

NORTH STAR.

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY." The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market.

"THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality.

"DELICOSO." Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.

Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.

Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Do Not Read This

Now is the Time to Buy Your

WINTER

COAL

Lehigh Coal

Of the Best Quality, and all sizes.

Screened & Picked!

Blacksmith Coal, free from Gas.

Dry Kindling Wood,

HARD AND SOFT,

C. W. PEIRCE,

Cor. Washington and Canal streets.

BRISTOL, PA.,

☞ Near the Rolling Mill.

Burton's Stage Line

CONTINUES TO BE WELL PATRONIZED It meets all trains at the P. R. R. Station, and the 4 and 8 o'clock boat, and will carry passengers to all parts of the town. Orders left at the Telephone office, Depot, or at the Stables, on Wood street, near Mill, will receive attention.

JOSEPH BURTON.

Bristol Laundry,

34 MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

ALL WORK NEATLY AND ARTISTICALLY DONE.

SHIRTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS A SPECIALTY.

Wm. H. Yetman.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

☞Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—About forty of the State Fencibles were in Bristol this morning.

—Rev. Charles Kemble is expected to preach at the M. E. church next Sunday.

—A large number of Methodists from Bristol expect to go to Pitman grove next week.

—A number of small bridges through the county are said to be washed away by the recent floods.

—The largest sturgeon of the season was caught by William Vanzant a few days ago. It weighed over 100 pounds.

Rev. W. B. Steward, D D., of Philadelphia, will preach both morning and evening in the Presbyterian church, next Sabbath.

Rev. Dr. Shields held an evening service at the Whelan Home, on Sunday evening. There are about twenty-five boarders there.

—On Saturday the executors will sell at public sale the two-story brick house on Bath street, belonging to John Wright's estate.

—There was no money for sale at the monthly meeting of the Merchants and Mechanics Building Association last Tuesday evening.

—We are informed that a small cyclone passed over a portion of Bensalem township yesterday, uprooting trees and demolishing fences, &c.

—DeWitt Brothers will shortly begin the erection of four more dwelling houses on Pond street. Angus York is the contractor and builder.

—Mrs. William Sanderson, who resided on Wood street, was found dead in her bed on Monday morning. Heart failure is supposed to have been the cause of her death.

—Rev. Mr. Goodhue will preach a series of sermons on the "Temptations of Jesus," in the Baptist church, commencing Sunday morning, August 4. The public cordially invited to be present.

—The Bucks County Medical Society will meet in Bristol next Wednesday at the residence of Dr. H. Pursell, on Radcliffe street. Dr. John V. Shoemaker and Dr. William H. Pancoast, of Philadelphia, are expected to be present.

—Mr. Chas. F. Lippincott, tinsmith, has in his possession a complete record of officers and men of New Jersey who fought in the civil war from '61 to '65. The book was compiled in the office of the Adjutant General. It is a complete record and worth perusing.

—The Fencibles are having their encampment grounds put in order and everything will be in readiness by Saturday. There are several large houses being put up for eating purposes. It is supposed that 300 men will be here on Friday the 9th inst. Gen. Hastings will inspect the batallion.

—Sealed proposals for the supply of eighty gross tons of coal to the public schools, were opened at the Wood street school building, on Monday evening. There were seven bidders at figures ranging from $4.60 to $5.25 per gross ton. The contract was awarded to Ellwood Doran, who was the lowest bidder.

—John Doster, the man who sold two loads of hay at Philadelphia for Walter R. Johnson, and appropriated the money to his own use, was arrested and had a hearing before Esquire Louderbough last Saturday, charged with larceny as bailee, and in default of $500 bail was committed to the county jail.

—The Bristol Opera House will probably reopen on Thursday, the 22nd inst., with Atkinson's Jollities for the attraction. On September 8 the Bristol favorite, Miss Louise Arnot, will appear in the drama, "Uncle Hiram." This is a new play written expressly for Miss Arnot, and it is anticipated will prove a brilliant success.

—William M. Frost, of Holmesburg, Philadelphia, has been appointed Deputy Collector of the Sixth Division of the First District of Pennsylvania, in the stead of Symington Phillips. Mr. Frost enters upon the duties of his office to-day and will make an excellent officer. Mr. Phillips during the term he held the office, gave entire satisfaction to the department in which he was employed, and was held in high esteem by the business men with whom he came in contact.

—The Bristol club will visit the county seat on Thursday next to play the Doylestown team. The games between these two clubs have aroused Langhorne's ire and they say they will beat the winner. The Doylestown and Langhorne teams must remember that Bristol is much stronger than the average club and withal a pretty good club, as it has shown by its games with the Cuban Giants, Burlington and other good clubs, and they have probably contracted to perform more than they can do.

—The heavy rain storms of the last few days which have done so much damage to towns in this vicinity, have done comparatively little to Bristol. The mill pond was swollen to twice its usual size yesterday, and a small break occurred in the dam. Some damage was done to the newly repaired portion of Bath street, by washing away the gravel in several places, and the cellars of some of the new hohses in Howell's addition were flooded. This is about the sum total of the effect of the rains at Bristol.

—The excursion to Atlantic City on last Saturday by the employees of the Bristol Worsted Mills and their friends, was a great success. Notwithstanding the fact that at the hour of their departure from Bristol a heavy rain was falling, and the prospects for a clear day were far from flattering, over 550 persons took passage on the steamboat John A. Warner, which had been chartered to convey the excursionists on their way as far as Philadelphia. Atlantic City was reached in good time and the day was enjoyably spent by all. The excursionists got back to Bristol between eleven and twelve o'clock.

—William R. Dickerson, who was the principal defendant in the suits growing out of the forgery of Millionaire Robert Whittaker's will ten years ago and who was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary, will be released from prison on Saturday next after having spent just seven years and eleven months behind the bars. Two years and one month was the commutation he received for good behaviour. When Dickerson was sentenced he was also ordered to pay a fine of $1,000, but he will probably plead insolvency, and in that way be relieved of that much of his punishment. Dickerson was a reputable and accomplished lawyer until he became connected with the Vanarsdalen-Pulte gang.

—The following astounding intelligence concerning the effect of the recent rains in Bristol was sent from Burlington to the Philadelphia Press and appears in this morning's issue of that paper:

BURLINGTON, July 31.—During the heavy storm this morning the dam to the feeder to the canal at Bristol, opposite here, broke, submerging a large portion of the town. Many cellars were flooded, the water in some instances rising to the first floors of the dwellings, damaging furniture and other property. No lives are reported lost.

In the first place it is not true that the dam to the feeder to the canal broke, next, there is no dam to the feeder of the canal at Bristol, neither is there a feeder to the canal at Bristol neither was a large portion of the town submerged. The only foundation to the statement made was that the mill pond overflowed, and a small washout occurred. A few cellars were flooded in that vicinity by water to a depth of perhaps two feet. Gullies were formed by the action of the water in several places in upper Bath street, and the old channel of the creek as well as the new one was filled with water. No lives were in the least endangered, neither was any furniture or other property, except some provisions in one or two of the cellars, destroyed. A high tide at Burlingtan does more damage in that town, than the recent rains did here.

PERSONAL.

Miss Anna Foster is at Ocean Grove.

Alfred Landreth is at Newport, R. I.

Russell Blackwood is at Atlantic City.

John T. Thorn is at Ocean Grove, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Calhoun are at Atlantic City

The Misses Laura and Kate Barton are at Pitman Grove.

Miss Caroline Nesbit has gone to the White Mountains.

Mr. Harry Hayward, of Germantown, is visiting in Bristol.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bailey are at Rising Sun, Cecil Co., Md.

Burnet Landreth, Jr., has gone to Bar Harbor for a couple of weeks.

Miss Annie B. Landreth left yesterday morning for the Adirondacks.

A. Weir Gilkeson and family have returned from a short stay at Key East.

Arthur Dorrance, of Philadelphia, paid a short visit to Bristol yesterday.

Miss Mary Newport, of Jenkintown, Pa., is the guest of Miss Sallie Hawk.

Miss Mary E. Eagle is enjoying the picturesque scenery at Mauch Chunk.

Mrs. Charles Banes, of Washington, D. C., is visiting relatives in Bristol.

Mr. Thomas Hughes is visiting his sister, Mrs. Granville Haines, in Maryland.

Miss Belle Ancker, of Philadelphia, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wettling.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Faber who were at the Coleman House, Asbury Park, have returned home.

Mrs. E. S. Stackhouse, of Doylestown, is visiting friends and relatives in Bristol and vicinity.

W. B. Albertson, who had charge of a tea store on Mill street, has removed to Philadelphia.

Miss Stutenroth, a former teacher in the public schools, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruton.

Mrs. Byram C. Foster is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. March McComas, of Baltimore county, M. D.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hoguet and Miss Annie Hoguet left Bristol for the White Mountains the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnet Landreth and Miss Jane Burnet have gone to Spring Lake, N. J., to spend the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor, of Philadelphia, spent last Sunday in Bristol, the guests of Mrs. Taylor's mother, Mrs. Anna Hay.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Fairbairn, Mrs. Quackenbush, and Miss Alice Fairbairn, of Annandale, N. Y., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Weir Gilkeson.

Mrs. Parks, formerly Miss Bessie Rousseau, spent several days in Bristol this week, visiting her brother, L. V. Rousseau. Mrs. Parks is a resident of New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Crosscup, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Crosscup, also Harry Crosscup, and Prof. H. Miller Wilson, of Philadelphia, have spent two pleasant weeks on the farm of Henry C. Brown, near Tullytown.

BASE BALL NOTES.

Flynn played a good game for the Burlington yesterday.

Black, of Langhorne, and Richert, of Holmesburg, will play with the Bristol club hereafter.

The Doylestown club came to Bristol on Thursday last and was defeated by the Bristols by the score of 7 to 3. A large number of persons from the surrounding country came to witness this game, as it was thought the upper end club would win. Coleman and Potts played a faultless game, as did Henry on first base. We noticed the smiling countenance of "Billy" Munce behind the refreshment stand, dealing out to the thirsty crowd soft drinks, ice cream and cake. William has leased the stand from the management, and hereafter will be found there ready to serve his patrons.

The Bristol and Burlington teams played the third of the championship games on the Bristol grounds yesterday afternoon which resulted in favor of the home team. The fine playing of both teams was the feature of the game. The visiting team came over weakened by the absence of several of their best players and to this they attribute their defeat, but not such is the case however, as our team would probably have been victorious any how, as they played good ball. Kilroy of the Burlington is the stickler for the Bristol boys, and they can't seem to hit him, but let someone else go in the box our team will come out ahead nine times out of ten. Coleman pitched better ball in this game than he has in any one game this year, and which proves that he is very effective. The score:

BRISTOL.

	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Arrison, ss	1	2	0	1	0
Black, 3b.	0	1	2	2	0
Curran, cf.	0	0	0	0	1
R.Colemn lf	1	0	2	0	0
Rickert, 1b	0	1	10	0	1
F.M'Dnl,2b	0	1	1	2	0
Potts, c.,	0	0	10	0	0
J. M'Dnl,rf	1	1	2	0	0
J.Cole'mn,p	1	1	0	3	0
Totals,	4	7	[illegible]	5	2

BURLINGTON.

	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Winkler,lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Halsinger,c	1	2	6	0	0
Humph's,3b	0	0	1	0	0
Steinruck,p	0	1	2	4	2
Th'mpsn,2b	0	0	1	2	1
M'Adams,ss	0	0	0	2	1
Burtis, rf.,	0	0	1	0	0
Flynn, cf.,	0	0	1	0	0
Heleman,1b	0	0	11	0	0
Totals,	1	3	[illegible]	8	4

INNINGS.

Bristol	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	x—4
Burlington	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Earned runs—Burlington, 1; Bristol, 1. Bases stolen—Bristol, 4; Burlington, 2. Two base hit—F. MacDonnal. Sacrifice hits—R. Coleman, Humphries. Bases on balls—Steinruck, 2 Struck out—Steinruck, 5; Coleman, 9. Passed ball—Halsinger. Wild pitches—Coleman, 1; Steinruck, 2. Hit by pitched ball—R. Coleman. Time of game—1h 30m. Ump're—Byers.

TULLYTOWN NOTES.

The Penns Manor Chapel Sunday School will hold its annual picnic on August 7th; in E. A. Ivins' grove. Music and speaking will form part of the afternoon's programme; all are invited.

The Wheat Sheaf Sunday School will hold its annual picnic on August 8th in Ridge's woods. A good time is expected.

The Christian church Sunday School will hold its annual picnic on August 14th in Ridge's woods. A "large" day and a good time is anticipated for the little folks and the older ones too.

There were not any services in the M. E. church last Sunday evening, no one having been sent to take charge.

Ex-Judge Amos Briggs has had a new fence set between his property and that of the M. E. church, making quite an improvement.

Smith Hall has had his house repapered and painted.

The 21st degree or degree of manhood will have been reached by several of our boys this summer and fall.

Quite a number of our people were disappointed last Sunday on account of the rain keeping them away from Neshaminy Falls.

Fertilizer agents are numerous — J. H. Cooper for the Lister Fertilizer Company, Walter Williams for Esmeralda Fertilizer Company, and E. E. Johnson for Read Fertilizer Company.

Peter Booze one of our oldest citizens had a paralytic stroke, one day last week. He is slowly recovering.

S. W. H.

A SCANDAL AT YARDLEY.

The Philadelphia Press of Tuesday morning says: What has been a sensational rumor in the village of Yardley, Bucks county, has ripened into an interesting case of assault and battery in which Dr. E. C. Hancock, the principal physician of the village, very severely punished Joseph H. Martin, a wealthy lumber merchant of the place.

The case is an extraordinary one and has produced the greatest kind of a sensation in the village, where the gossips for months past have been coupling Mrs. Joseph Martin's name with that of Dr. Hancock in anything but a favorable way. Strangely enough, these rumors had their origin in the careless statements made by Joseph H. Martin himself in a public place. Mrs. Martin is a pretty and intelligent woman of about 30, and Dr. Hancock has been her physician for some time. He is a young man of fine appearance and studious habits, who for five years has healed the Yardley sick. He is a Philadelphian and was formerly a physician in the City Hospital.

The trouble, it seems, began about six weeks ago. Prior to that the young physician frequently played a social game of cards at the Martin mansion. A coolness sprung up, which resulted in the two men passing by without speaking. When Mr. Martin began making statements of a compromising character Mrs. Martin keenly felt the publicity given to her name and became ill, and Dr. Hancock ordered her away for a change of scene. What the gossips talked about found its way into a local paper and on Sunday the same paper appeared with Dr. Hancock's affidavit denying the allegations.

Joseph Martin for some reason published a statement that appeared with the affidavit and left the impression that Mrs. Hancock was about to sue for a divorce. Hancock was very angry when he saw these statements, which he said were outrageous. Sunday night he went to Martin's house and in the yard severely punished him until H. Brady, of Second and Mifflin streets, Philadelphia, the brother of Mr. Martin, interfered.

Monday morning Hancock was arrested and taken before Justice White. Martin appeared with the marks of Sunday night's assault and told the story of the young physician's aggressiveness. Bail was furnished to the amount of $800 for the future appearance of Dr. Hancock. Joseph Martin Monday night refused to make any statement other than that he had been badly punished by the doctor. He made no direct charges and was disposed to laugh at the matter. Dr. Hancock said that Mrs. Martin was ill at her husband's home with nervous prostration and has abandoned, at the investigation of her brother, any idea of proceedings for a divorce.

TRADE AT HOME.—The following from an exchange will do for our reader: "The growing habit of going out of town to trade is one of the greatest injuries to this town. It takes so much spot cash out of town by our people trading in other cities. Our merchants are taxed for fairs, festivals and charities, and it is not encouraging to them to see parties who have common interest with them taking money out of the place that should be expended here. When a resident goes to Philadelphia or New York for his houseware, clothing or dry goods, he speaks of it with an air of superiority that tempts his neighbor to do likewise, not thinking of the injury they are doing to local interests, to which we should feel a loyal obligation. Let us all remember that our own prosperity is bound up in the general prosperity of the town in which we live. We owe this town our allegiance, and every honorable means should be used to protect ourselves instead of aiding others at a distance, in whom we have no immediate interest.

*Get your umbrellas and parasols with the best glove silk. New stock at the Ark, 31 Mill street.

COMMUNICATED.

BRISTOL, PA., July 31, 1889.

ED. GAZETTE:—As a citizen and tax-payer of the Borough of Bristol, I take this method of reaching the Honorable Chief Burgess and members of Council so that they and the citizens of Bristol can blame no one but themselves for the obstruction and occupation of one of the most centrally located streets, contiguous both to steamboat landing, railroad and principal manufactories. It is within the memory of the oldest citizen when Cedar street was allowed to be occupied, as the proposed terminus of Franklin street is now intended to be. When the time came to extend Cedar street, our Borough Fathers were compelled to pay several thousand dollars in excess of the value of the land taken; the damages for the removal of dwellings far exceeding that of the value of the ground.

What remedy have the taxpayers of Bristol in this question of vital interest to each and all of us, in spending a little money now, or a great deal of money in the future? Does the present Council intend to let their successors solve the problem, which to them will be far more difficult complex and expensive, than to the present Council? The question of extending Franklin street to Pond street is a small matter compared to the same act five or ten years hence, with real estate probably more than 100 per cent. higher than now, and perhaps a row of three-story dwellings on one end of the street, and possibly as many more hot-houses crossing the street in the rear of the dwellings. It is a known fact that DeWitt Bros. have for some time contemplated erecting more houses on Pond street, and that one of our principal builders has the contract, and has already taken the initial steps in their erection. They also propose, for the successful prosecution of their business, to build more hot-houses, but now the houses must be 200 feet long instead of 100 feet, and run at right-angles to their present hot-houses. It does not require a very great stretch of imagination for any one to see that hot-houses 200 feet long, extending east and west, would reach across Franklin street. These hot-houses will be erected in that position in September; also four dwellings in front of proposed hot-houses at once. If any one doubts the obstruction of this, (Franklin) street, let them take a front and rear view of the premises. It will be seen that their hot-houses extend from Pond street on the north-west, to Friends' grave-yard on the south-east, and their two new hot-houses, recently built, already abut on Franklin street, and six dwellings extending from their line on the northeastern side of Pond street, already reach Franklin street on the south-west. Now, Mr. Editor, how long will it take them to cross Franklin street at this rate? Had this thing better be stopped now than in the future, or is it cheaper to remove two or three dwellings and a lot of glass houses, or prevent their erection now? No one can claim this street will not be needed. It is already a necessity and grows daily. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." If this street is occupied the cost will be interest compounded. It is a well-known axiom "that payday always comes, and a debt cannot be indefinitely postponed." The extension of Franklin street will improve DeWitt Bros.' property very much; it will give them more building lots on Franklin street than they have on Pond street. It will also be of greater advantage to the Borough and a convenience to the many employees of the mills, and the sooner it is opened the less it will cost.

TAXPAYER.

GLEANINGS.

Arthur Erwin has been appointed postmaster at Huntingdon Valley, John Pidcock at New Hope and A. R. Artman at Trumbowersville.

A Trenton paper says: "This city is full of 'bums' who annoy our citizens by stopping them on the streets and asking for a 'few pennies to get something to eat.'"

An Indian boy from the Carlisle school was taken sick at Wallace Buckman's, in Falls township, a few days ago. He was sent back to the Carlisle school, where he has since died.

A rainfall record kept at Morrisville shows that the year of least rainfall since 1825 was 1856, when only 36.34 inches fell. The year of greatest rainfall since 1825 was 1841, when fifty-seven inches fell.

A bull took offence at a red dress worn by a young lady at a private picnic near Edgington, a few days ago and charged on the party. The girls fled, screaming, to a barn, and the young men were also put to flight.

A deranged woman strayed away from the Bucks county almshouse a few days ago, and any information as to her whereabouts will be gladly received at the northwest corner of Sixteenth and Federal streets, Philadelphia.

Miss Mary Ann Levey committed suicide at Trumbowersville, on Friday morning, July 19th, by hanging herself to a rafter in the barn. Deputy Coroner Tice held an inquest upon the body. The woman's mind was deranged.

At the last session of the Legislature an act was passed compelling people who wished to collect birds' eggs or shoot birds to first call at the Prothonotary's office of the respective counties and sign an application and receive a permit.

Captain Jacob Sheldon of the ship Emily Reed, at Philadelphia from England, is charged with criminal negligence in having made no attempt to rescue James Carlton, a sailor who fell overboard during the voyage. The case has been reported to the United States District Attorney.

A Norristown real estate agent says there are three hundred unoccupied houses in that borough at present, and taking the unoccupied and for sale it will easily reach five hundred. Property is not in demand now, and can be purchased very reasonable from large real estate owners.

The Mooretown toll-gate is the only one in this whole country round which charges toll for the passage of a bycicle. These machines have rubber tires, and as one rider told the gatekeeper, do not hurt the road-bed as much as walking on it. We suppose the motto of the company is "a dividend or bust."—Perkasie News.

Col. A. E. Jones, of Cincinnati, who was murdered by his negro coachman last week, was an uncle of Robert J. Burdette, the humorist. He was a brother of Mr. Burdette's mother, and when the famous funny man was named, in the early days of long ago, it was Robert Jones—the middle name in honor of his uncle.

Wednesday's Ledger says: Myriads of lepidopter insects, commonly known as Buffalo moths, visited this city last evening and disported themselves around the principal thoroughfares and wherever the electric light shone. The visitation was so marked and unusual as to cause considerable annoyance to pedestrains, who sometimes found themselves enveloped in a mist of flying insects."

The many Williamson heirs in and around Bucks county have been notified that the real estate which belonged to the late Isaiah V. Williamson has been appraised and is valued at $126,580, making the total value of the estate $9,938,592.93. There will revert to the State of Pennsylvania as collateral tax $501,505.26. The appraisment of the personal effects amounts to $9,811,922.93.

The Democratic Standing Committee of Bucks county met at Doylestown, in the rooms of the Young Men's Democratic Association, on Saturday, July 27th. There was a full attendance. Chairman J. Monroe Shellenberger and Secretary Henry A. James filled their respective positions. The interests of the party and the work for the coming campaign were freely discussed. The most important business was fixing the time for the meeting of the Democratic County Convention. A ballot was taken and Monday, September 23d, was the date chosen.

Says the Philadelphia Inquirer: "The biggest policeman in the United States, with one exception, is Lieut. Malin, who is now in charge of the Twenty-first District in West Philadelphia. He is 6 feet 5 in height, and carries himself with the precision of a veteran. Night or day he is always on the go, and the citizens of his district speak of him with the utmost kindness. He doesn't tell his weight to anybody, but judging from his appearance it must be that of two or three ordinary men. He is a strict disciplinarian and never asks a patrolman to go where he is not willing to lead."

What have Senators Cameron and Quay done to merit the ill-will of the Bucks County Intelligencer? Has Brother Paschall applied for an office and been refused their support? One might think so from the tone of its editorials. In recent issues it shows its displeasure at both. It says of Senator Cameron: "He is a rich man, and we believe a successful business man; here his fitness for the Senatorship ends. That Senator Cameron should be continued in the high office he holds will not be creditable to Pennsylvania." As to Quay, he seems to be Paschall's night-mare. The burden of his fear is, that Frank Gilkeson will steal the delegates from this county to the next Republican State convention, and turn them over to the junior Senator: and emphasizes his fear by saying: "If Bucks county Republicans want to endorse Mr. Gilkeson's actions and Mr. Quay's methods, they will have an opportunity." But the two Senators need have no apprehension. The influence of Paschall and his newspaper have dwindled to mere nothing. Any cause they champion is sure to fall. They tested their strength on the Prohibition question and were beaten 4,200 in this county. Paschall's opposition will give the Senators strenght.—Doylestown Democrat.

—There are more crazy notions in regard to diet, probably, than any other single feature of our living. You stumble against them when the question of food comes up in any form. About nine-tenths of the ideas concerning food are pure nonsense. What ought to be evident to any thinking individual is that this favorite plan of laying down rigid rules for all people to follow in choosing food has no possible common-sense basis, and yet the presence of the belief in most minds is continually showing itself. There is a diversity in digestion and assimilation as infinite as that of other physical features. What is injurious for one individual may be beneficial for another, and if some people go to excess in certain directions that is not conclusive reason why the rest of mankind should abstain. Yet one gets tired at the way this belief in following a general rule is unceasingly obtruded upon the attention. There is only one way to get correct ideas; that is by studying yourself and learning by experience, and as men's power change the rules of eating may have to be changed at different periods of life. The young constitution will stand immense abuse, and it gets most in eating, but as the years advance tea, coffee and other stimulants and many of the foods that have tickled the palate bring the punishment for their indulgence.

—A correspondent to one of our Western exchanges in writing on mortgages says that a mortgage is a queer institution. It makes a man rustle and keeps him poor. It is a strong incentive to action and a wholesale reminder of the fleeting months and years. It is fully as symbolical in its meaning as the hour glass and scythe that means death. A mortgage also means industry, because it is never idle and it never rests. It is like a bosom friend, because the greater the adversity the closer it sticks to a fellow. It is like a brave soldier it never hesitates at charges, nor fears to close in on the enemy. It is like the sand bag of the thug—silent in application, but deadly in effect. It is like the hand of Providence it spreads over all creation, and its influence is everywhere visible. It is like the grasp of the devil fish; the longer it holds the greater its strength. It will exercise feeble energies and lend activity to a sluggish brain, but no matter how hard the debtor works, the mortgage works still harder. A mortgage is a good thing to have in the family—provided always that it is in some other fellow's family. It is like a boil, always a good thing on somebody else. It makes a fellow sour, cross, selfish, unsociable and rarely does him any good only to exercise him. In that respect it is equal to vigor of life, or the latest patent medicine.

—The late President Garfield's son James is soon to marry Miss Helen Newell, of Chicago, daughter of President John Newell, of the Lake Shore road. It is said that young Garfield's ambitions are political. He is a fine scholar, a fair orator and is making a reputation as a lawyer. He has never given up his residence in the Nineteenth Congressional District of Ohio, so long represented by his father. Ezra B. Taylor, the present Representative, is well on in years, and when he retires it is extremely probable that Garfield will succeed him.

—A poor man in a neighboring county who distinguished himself by performing a praiseworthy act, was presented by some of his neighbors with a very handsome pocket-book. A pocket-book, we've been told, is designed to hold money, and the poor man will find his gift very useful should he ever get a few dollars ahead.

—A Pittsburg clergyman has been arrested on a charge of murder. It is said that his first fall from grace was when he attempted to raise a car window on a hot day, for a pretty girl who sat in the seat behind him. The window was one of these make a saint-swear brand, which go about seeking whom they may demoralize.

—Whitewash adds to the health as well as beauty of dwellings. The government formula for mixing whitewash for national buildings—when properly made and applied, is not easily rubbed or washed off, is as follows: To ten parts of best freshly slacked lime add one part of the best hydraulic cement. Mix well with salt water and apply quite thin.

—The Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, was married to the Earl of Fife, on Saturday. The ceremony took place in the chapel of Buckingham Palace, London, and was surrounded by all that wealth, royalty and power could bestow to give it eclat.

—"The ice-water business," Henry W. Grady says in the Atlanta Constitution, "is one of the worst forms of intemperance. It kills either suddenly or gradually about as many people in this country as whisky kills. In fact a modern dose of whisky is not as dangerous as an immoderate drink of ice water, and a teaspoonful of the latter is an immoderate quantity. Now, get your ice water and pour it down your throat if you feel like it, you know the consequences."

To-Night and To-Morrow Night,

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists' Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 50c and $1.00. Sample bottles free.

—Mrs. Mary Kinzer of Oakland, Md., became insane while reading about the Johnstown flood. Yesterday she was committed to an asylum.

HINTS FOR WRITERS.—In writing for the press, use nothing smaller than a half sheet of note paper, as anything written on a small slip is liable to get lost. Don't abbreviate; it is an abomination to write "pres" and "v pres." for president and vice-president, "Thurs eve." for Thursday evening. Do not omit words and expect the editor or printer to supply them. Do not crowd lines too near together. In changing a word, cross it out and write the word wanted directly over the one crossed. Do not make a short "&" when you want a long "and" to appear in print. Write proper names very plainly, so there may be no mistaking them. In beginning an article, leave space at the top, so the editor may write a head for it without pasting on another sheet. Never write upon both sides of the paper, unless you desire the contempt of everybody in the printing office. In writing items of news, make a paragraph of each subject. Above all, confine yourself strictly to facts, and state them in the fewest possible number of words.

WHAT IS THE COLOR OF YOUR EYE?—An oculist who has made the human eye a study for thirty years, and who has examined many famous men's eyes, declared the other day that the "thoroughbred American" eye was steel blue in color.

"Would you say that black-eyed and brown-eyed men are deficient in intellect?"

"Not that, to be sure, since history has afforded some examples of able men whose eyes possessed this pigment. But, undeniably, among the people of higher civilization eyes grow lighter in hue, and there are to-day far more blue-eyed persons than there were a century ago. If you will be at pains to inquire the color of the eyes of Bismarck, Gladstone, Huxley, Virchow, Buchner, Renan, in fact of any of the living great as well as of the great army of the dead who in life distinguished themselves, you will learn that most of them have, or had, eyes of blue or gray. It has seemed to me that the pigment is in the way; that it obscures the objects presented to the visual organ, and that the aspiring mind seeking the greatest light casts it off."

—The August number of the Eclectic will be found of marked interest and variety. The opening paper by Frederick Harrison is an interesting analysis of what was accomplished for good and evil by the revolution of 1789, a subject of endless fascination even after a century of discussion. An able writer shows up "The Vitality of Protectionist Fallacies," and the causes for it. Dr. Robson Roose has something to say on the art of prolonging life, which will engage the attention of every reader. "The Wit and Wisdom of Schopenhaur" is the title of a readable paper. One of the brightest papers in the number is Lady Randolph Churchill's talk about Russia, which is characterized by trite American vivacity. Mrs. Preistley's article on "The Mysteries of Malaria" will be sure to excite interest, which may also be said of Mr. Dicey's "Ethics of Political Lying." Sir Motrell Mackensie gives the weight of his great experience and knowledge to a discussion of the voice used in "Speech and Song." The dialogue by Frederick Greenwood, "A Conversation in a Balcony," is a delightful study in romantic psychology, and the story from Blackwood's, "The Umberella Mender," has the usual unique charm which marks the stories in this magazine. There are a number of short articles and poems, thoroughly readable, and the public who love good literature will find in this issue an admirable collection of things which fully justifies the reputation of the periodical. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents; trial subscription for 3 months, $1. Eclectic and $4 Magazine, $8.

*IT WON'T BAKE BREAD.—In other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla will not do impossibilities. Its proprietors tell plainly what it has done, submit proofs from sources of unquestioned reliability, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of others is sufficient assurance that you will not be dispaointed in the result.

*Page's Climax Salve is now sold at the rate of millions of boxes yearly—no medicine has ever earned so large a sale, solely upon its merits. For sale by Druggists eveywhere.

*GRAPES FOR HEALTH.—The use of ripe grapes for dinner is of incalculable benefit to the human system, and the Pure Grape Juice, properly preserved, is invaluable for weakly persons and invalids. The Port Grape Wine and Grape Juice preserved from his own vineyards, by Alfred Speer of New Jersey, is pronounced by the leading medical experts to be the most reliable to be obtained. To use the Unfermented Grape Juice is just like eating the ripe sweet grape.

*NOBODY KNOWS what I suffered for years with those terrible racking sick headaches. Life was only a torment to me; if you are so troubled, I would advise you to use Sulphur Bitters, for they cured me.—Clara Belle.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent Medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle Free, that they may try it before purchasing. The Large Bottles are 50c and $1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

New Advertisements.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall street, New York City.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County.

MARTHA BUFTON, by her next friend, Theo. W. Sterling, vs. THOS. BUFTON. | No. 2 Sept. Term. 1889. Pluries sub sur Divorce

To Thomas Bufton, the above-named Respondent—You are hereby notified to appear at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Doylestown, in and for the County of Bucks, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER NINTH, A. D., 1889, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of said day, and answer the complaint of the above-named Libellant and show cause, if any you have, why the said Court should not make a decree divorcing you from your wife, the said Martha Bufton, as prayed for. You are further notified that you are liable to have said decree of divorce made against you if you fail to appear.

B. F. GILKESON, Atty. for Libellant.
JOSEPH R. COMLY, Sheriff of Bucks Co.

BOARDERS WANTED.

A FEW BOARDERS WANTED BY A PRIVATE family, on Washington street. Also, a room for gentleman and wife. Terms reasonable. Inquire at GAZETTE OFFICE.

Miscellaneous

LOOK!

***This is what we have to say about Shoes that will do you good:*

SHOES!

Men's Fine Calf, dress,	$3.00	Men's Fine Dress, good,	$2.00
Men's Fine Dress,	1.25	Boy's Fine, good,	1.75
Boy's knock-about,	1.50	Ladies' Fine, extra good,	2.60
Ladies' Fine, good,	2.00	Ladies' Good everyday,	1.50
Misses' Fine, extra good,	1.50	Misses' Fine, good sp. heels,	1.25
Children's Fine sp. heels,	1,25	Children's good,	1.00

And Shoes of most every style and description,

AT ELMER E. JOHNSON'S

CASH STORE!

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To Atlantic City, $1.40. Six Hours on the Beach.

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Steamer "COLUMBIA" leaves Bristol at 7 A. M., Burlington, 7.15, Beverly, 7.30, Andalusia, 7.40, Torresdale, 7.50, and Riverton, 8 A. M. Connecting at Chestnut St. wharf with the Philadelphia & Reading R. R., arriving at Atlantic City at 11 A. M. Returning, leave Atlantic City at 4.45 P. M., connecting with Steamer "Columbia at 6 P. M.

Fare for Round Trip, $1.40

FROM RIVERTON, $1.30.

Bristol Advertisements

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—DEALER IN—
Pure Lehigh Coal,
Lime, Sand, Stone, Wood, &c.,
OFFICE—Mill Street, above Radcliffe Street, Bristol, Pa.
Your trade is solicited.

MRS. JOHN HEAD,
No. 15 Bath St., Bristol.
Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, and Children's Clothes.
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

STILL AHEAD!
W. H. RAYLMOND,
—DEALER IN—
Groceries, Provisions,
ETC., ETC.,
In the old "Co-operative Store,"
DORRANCE STREET, Bristol, Pa.

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer & dealer in
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine
Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,
Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.
A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3
Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

FRED. B. BOOZ,
—DEALER IN—
FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS,
A specialty in
TEAS AND COFFEES.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
COR. RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.
☞ Your trade is solicited.

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The Steamer Columbia leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 7:00 A. M. and 4 P. M. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 2 and 6 o'clock P. M. Sundays leave Bristol at 7.00, 11.15 A. M. and 4 P. M. Returning leave Philada. at 9.15, A. M., 2 and 6 o'clock, P. M.
Fare 25c. Excursion 40c.
Freight carried at low rates.

FOR RENT.

CORNER BRICK HOUSE, MULBERRY and Cedar Streets. Apply to
WM. E. LAING.

JOHN NIMON,
DEALER IN FINE
Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,
FRESH DAILY.
My Teas and Coffees are the Best.
COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON SREETS.

TIN ROOFING
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OLD SHINGLES.
A Tight Roof Guaranteed.
Tin Roofing and Spouting, Painting and Repairing Old Roofs
A SPECIALTY.
BEVAN & WILKINSON,
Nos. 8 and 10 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery
AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,
Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.
FOUR STORES!
Immense quantities of goods bought for prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.
Choice Roast, 10c per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c. up. Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c. per lb.

BURTON'S EXPRESS.
JOSHUA BURTON
is at all times prepared to do jobs of
HAULING
of every description, and at prices to suit the times.
Furniture handled with care.
Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No. 68 Mill street, will receive prompt attention.

ALBERT F. YEUTTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Radcliffe street near Market,
BRISTOL, PA.

A well selected stock of piece goods on hand which will be made up to suit customers. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Legal Advertisements

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ANN HAMILTON, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present the same for settlement without delay, to
ROBERT H. NEELY, Executor.
or his Attorney,
JOHN C. STUCKERT.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM TYROL, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to
ANNA TYROL, Executrix.
or to J. C. STUCKERT, her att'y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ALLAN STOUT, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to
MAHALA STOUT, Executrix.
or A. WEIR GILKESON, her Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of NEAL McILVAINE, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to
CHARLES McILVAINE,
NEAL J. McILVAINE,
or A. WEIR GILKESON, their Atty. Executors.

Co-Partnership Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Co-Partnership has this day been formed between B. F. Gilkeson, A. Weir Gilkeson and William S. Wright, Attorneys-at-Law, for the purpose of conducting a general law practice under the firm name of B. F. & A. Weir Gilkeson & William S. Wright. The office of the firm will be that heretofore occupied by B. F. Gilkeson.
B. F. GILKESON,
A. WEIR GILKESON,
WILLIAM S. WRIGHT.
Bristol, Pa., June 1, 1889.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court for the county of Bucks, to make distribution of the balance of $1,706.74 remaining in the hands of John Johnson, administrator of the estate of Adaline Henry, late of the township of Bensalem, deceased, and to pass upon the questions of law involved in the distribution of the said balance hereby gives notice that he will meet all parties interested in the said distribution at his office in the Borough of Bristol, on Saturday, July 27, 1889, at 11 o'clock, A. M., when and where they may attend if they see proper.
A. WEIR GILKESON, Auditor.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of SARAH D. WRIGHT, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to
JAMES WRIGHT,
JOHN C. STUCKERT,
Administrators.

Why Should I Go to MONTANA?

Great Reservation. Because 18,000,000 acres of free Government land, with a delightful climate, and equally suited for general farming and stock raising, have just been opened to the homeseeker, in the Milk River Valley and near Benton and Great Falls.

Stock Raising. Because the favorable climate and superior grasses of Montana make it the natural home of horses, cattle, sheep and other domestic animals; and because winter feeding is not required, as stock grazes at large the year around.

General Farming. Because a rich soil and abundant summer rains produce wheat, oats, rye, barley and the grasses and vegetables of a quality, size and yield unsurpassed.

Mining. Because Montana produces more of the precious metals than any other state or territory, and abundant opportunities remain to secure valuable properties at nominal cost.

Immigration. Because the Great Reservation is the meeting point of settlers from the Pacific Coast and from the Eastern States, and is the only tract or good land left, suitable for settlement.

Business. Because the rapidly growing towns along the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry. offer splendid opportunities to engage in business.

Manufacturer. Because the 1,000,000 horse-power water-power at Great Falls, the extensive coal veins, the wool, mineral and grain raising resources of Montana offer exceptional opportunities to the manufacturer.

Tourist. Because the canon of the Gates of the Mountains, the Great Falls of the Missouri, the Giant Fountain and Continental Divide offer the most sublime and diversified scenery to be found on the Continent. Take a summer tour.

Why Travel by the St. P., M. & M.? Because only by it can you travel through the largest body of free land left for settlement. Because it reaches the Great Falls, with the largest water-power on the Continent. Because it reaches Helena, the richest city of its size in the world; and because it is the shortest and best route to Butte, the largest mining camp on earth. Special tourists' and landseekers' rates. Daily trains through solid to Montana. Choice of three routes to the Pacific Coast. Find out all about it by writing for "The Great Reservation," and "Tourists' Summer Guide." For further information, rates, maps, etc., apply to F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry, St. Paul, Minn.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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THE SERMON WAS LONG.

The sermon was long and the preacher was prosy.
The cushion was soft and the corner was cozy;
And, musing, I know
By my side in the pew
Was a dear little face that was dimpled and rosy

A stray bit of lace and the curl of a feather
Lay close to my cheek, and I didn't care whether
The service was long
Of flitting was wrong
In a lonely back pew, as we knelt down together.

In reading the prayers we had one book between us;
So sweet was that smile, had nobody seen us,
While bent on our knees
(Oh, how Cupid did tease!)
I had stolen a kiss with the prayer book to screen us.

In the oriel window the sunlight was gleaming,
In my drowsy old brain I felt love fancies teeming;
Then my heart gave a thump—
But my head got a bump
On the back of the pew—I had only been dreaming.

—Tropical Times.

ONE THING SADDER.

O, ye mothers with empty arms,
Wherever ye are in the world to-night,
I may tell you something to comfort your hearts,
And make, by a trifle, your burden more light.

It is sad, I know, for a mother to feel
No head on her breast, where once one lay;
To hear no patter of footsteps, no noise,
Where once her darlings shouted at play.

But a deadly silence through all the house,
Unbroken, save for the clock's low tick;
A chair in this corner, a toy in that,
And a raging steed made from a stick.

It is sadder yet when the day is done,
To sit alone in the twilight's glow,
And wonder whose arms those children are in—
To wonder and wonder, yet never to know!

But, O, ye mothers of babes! I say,
There is one thing sadder—by far—than this.
To have never felt wet lips at your breast,
Or pressed on your own child's face a kiss.

There are mothers and mothers in heart and soul,
Who go uncomforted year unto year,
With that yearning, unsatisfied void in their breasts,
Deprived of the blessings that women hold dear.

—Ella Higginson.

THE ACADEMY BOAT RACE.

A jolly breeze came rollicking over the hills and tossed up the water of the Kennebec river till each little wave had put on a white cap to protect its head. It was all very good fun for the breeze, but no joke to the forty Academy boys who had looked forward for months to this very day as the time for the races. If ever smooth water was in demand, now was the time. But with a whoop and a whistle round danced the merry wind, and the boys actually stamped with impatience.

Do you suppose that college men are to have all the glory as far as boating is concerned? Orantsoak Academy shook its head and said, "No!" Miss Belinda Crockett shook her pretty head and said "No" also.

Who was Miss Belinda Crockett?

Why, she was the very loveliest young lady in Maine—some say in all the world. There was not a man or woman from eighty years old and downward who did not say, "Bless her!" when Miss Belinda appeared. It was Miss Belinda who got up all the picnics; who sat up at night with sick people; who wore the prettiest gowns in the village; who sang in the choir; who took two babies home and kept them a month till their mother could get well of a fever; who made her father flood the pond so the boys could have steady skating, and then gave half of them skates, "rockers" at that; and who always came to the baseball matches with a dozen lemons for the players.

No wonder the lads all adored Miss Belinda Crockett. Tom Tyrrell, aged 14, in a frenzy of gratitude and affection, had even "made up" a poem in her honor, and had presented it to her on gilt edged paper:

Oh, lovely Miss Crockett!
Your eye in its socket
Is bright as a rocket
Just taking a start.
When shyly you cock it,
Ah, me! what a shock it
Right through my vest pocket
Sends into my heart!

Perhaps it was because she was pleased by this tribute, that, one evening in March, Miss Belinda took the youthful Thomas into her confidence.

"Do you ever row, Tom?" asked she.

Observe, Miss Crockett never called Tom Tyrrell "Tommy," as so many thoughtless persons did. Sometimes she even addressed him as "Tyrrell," upon which Tom seemed to grow an inch.

"Because I have a plan, Tom, in which I need your help. Would you please give me your arm? This hill is hard to climb. You row, did you say?"

"Yes," panted Tom, quite breathless with the honors thrust upon him. "Yes, I do, sometimes in my father's punt."

"Do you suppose there are enough academy boys to form three crews of, say, four oars each, if my brother would train them when he comes from Europe in May?"

"Miss Belinda!" gasped Tom, "how good you are! Why, there are twenty who'd go crazy at the thought, and there are one, two, three boats, I know of to hire. Do you suppose your brother would 'coach' us?"

Miss Belinda nodded.

"I think so. What's more, you shall have a supper after the race. And there shall be three prizes, too, Tom, so no one need feel he has rowed for nothing. You arrange matters, will you, and make out a list of the crews?"

Every boy in town knew of Miss Crockett's offer the very next morning; and long before noon three "picked crews" had been organized.

Tom Tyrrell was captain of one; Solomon Gibbs, the celebrated woodchuck trapper, of the second; while the third was under the control of Theodore Elder, more commonly known as "Twig" Elder.

The river being at that time frozen, as well as under several feet of snow, the crews, boiling with enthusiasm, resorted to Mr. Gibbs' barn to exercise on several sets of horizontal bars. Here they turned and twisted daily, to raise their muscles, against the advent of Mr. H. Algernon Crockett.

There was some doubt as to whether so august a person as H. Algernon, Esq., would condescend to train a dozen country lads. But, when Mr. Crockett at last appeared all fear vanished. He fairly took the crews by storm.

To be sure his mustache, with its waxed ends, was wonderful to behold, and a ring on his little finger was a vision beyond any that Orantsoak had hitherto imagined. It was well known, moreover, that Mr. H. Algernon had actually taken off his hat to Queen Victoria; that he had played billiards with a full blooded Italian count; that he had been "hand and glove" with all "the old masters" (whoever those worthies might be), and that he had even taken a trip to Egypt to patronize the sphinx.

But in spite of all his superiority and clothes, Mr. H. Algernon Crockett was a cordial, good natured young man, with a great hearty voice, and a laugh as contagious as the measles.

He fell in with his sister's plans, and undertook to "coach" her boys with much good will.

Train them he did, and that with no sham. He made them run, and he made them pull. He insisted on their eating meat, and he forbade their even looking at a pie or a doughnut. Indeed, he turned one boy right out of Twig Elder's crew because he partook of a mince turnover. He would not allow Tom Tyrrell to row "stroke," but put him in as "No. 3," which would certainly have broken Tom's heart had not Mr. Crockett "consulted" him at such a rate that Thomas actually believed he had proposed the change himself.

Two of Solomon Gibbs' crew and one of Twig Elder's gave out at the end of the week. They declared they were not galley slaves and would not be treated as such. But there were ten other boys on fire to jump into their places, and when the sun rose on the day of the race he had the pleasure of shining on twelve as spare, brown, tough little fellows in Orantsoak as he could have found by hunting from China to Peru.

They were to row a mile for the prizes, the first of which was to be—here was richness!—a new cedar boat; the second, some bats and balls; the third, four blue caps and four blue shirts for rowing costumes.

All the country folk, from near and from far, had heard of the race and were coming to see it.

Philemon and Romeo Augustus Gibbs (Solomon's younger brothers) had scraped their throats' raw rehearsing a new fashioned cheer, something between a sneeze and a howl, for the occasion.

All the academy girls had decked them selves with red, white or blue ribbons, the color depending on which craft each lassie favored.

The race was to be the event of the season. So it was very provoking that that breeze should choose this very day to churn the water into froth.

Mr. H. Algernon Crockett looked grave.

"No race today," said he.

The rowers were in despair. So, it seemed, was Mr. Crockett, senior, Mr. H. Algernon and Miss Belinda's father. He was a hot headed old gentleman, and it was he who had ordered the supper. He declared the festivity could not and should not be put off.

"But, father, the waves will certainly swamp the boats," argued his son.

"Tut, tut! nonsense!" cried Mr. Crockett. "If the boats do swamp, haven't those rascals pluck enough to swim? Do you think that ice cream is going for nothing? Let the race take place, I say."

"Hurrah!" shouted the boys.

"Hurrah!" shouted the bystanders.

Mr. H. Algernon again looked grave, but he might as well have tried to turn the planets from their courses as to attempt to make Mr. Crockett change his mind; so the boats were made ready.

The boats were pulled into the middle of the stream. There was a breathless pause, disturbed only by Romeo Augustus Gibbs, who, overpowered by his emotions, broke into the new fashioned cheer and was promptly choked by Philemon. The oars were held suspended. Every car was strained for the signal.

"Are you ready? Go!"

In a flash off darted the boats. Twig Elder's crew began to pull wildly, but soon came into order.

Tom's boat lapped Solomon's by six inches. Twig's came half a length behind.

Staid old farmers broke into a trot, and, headed by the village doctor, followed along the bank, keeping pace with the boats.

There were cries of "Now then, Solomon Gibbs!" "Go ahead, No. 2!" "Pull, Twig, pull!"

And pull they did, valiantly, swinging round the turning stake, Solomon now a boat length in advance, briskly pursued by Tom.

Now came the tug of war, for wind and wave were both against them, on the home stretch.

Oh, that mischievous breeze! It tossed the water against their bows. It caught their oars and tried to snap them in two. It blinded their eyes with spray; until, suddenly, there was a cry of terror from the shore—Twig Elder's boat had gone under.

There was a brief moment of fear, and then all four boys scrambled to the shore.

Never for a moment did Solomon or Tom falter, though Tom's boat was heavy with the water in its bottom. In five minutes it was of no use to struggle.

"Row to shore and bail out!" shouted Mr. H. Algernon; and there was no choice but to obey.

Just then Solomon's boat was seen heading for the opposite bank. She was full also.

Was there ever such a ridiculous race? Even Mr. Crockett, Sr., said, "Give it up;" but the boys were too excited to do that now. It was a tussle to see which crew would be ready first to start afresh.

At one and the same moment they pushed, once more, into the stream, Solomon still a trifle ahead. The crowd on the bank called out encouragingly. The boys tugged. The breeze, evidently thinking it a game all gotten up for its especial benefit, whisked up and down, blew high and low, and threw pailfuls of water into the boats.

It was in vain that Tom took off his cap to bail. That boat was doomed. Deeper and deeper it sat in the river. At last under it went, when only fifteen lengths from the goal. In fact it turned completely over, and when it rose to the top was bottom upwards, while the crew were all adrift in the midst of a tremendous splashing. Tom remembered that Dod Ames, who pulled "bow," could not swim, and caught him by the collar.

"Get hold of the boat, Dod," he cried. "As for the rest of you—mind, now—haul the craft along and swim like whales—every one of you!"

There was a great shout from the spectators, when, dragging the boat, the plucky three struck out, not for the shore, but for the goal; Dod Ames hanging, a dead weight, to an outrigger. Solomon's crew rowed—Tom's swam behind.

You should have heard Philemon and Romeo Augustus cheer. You should have beheld the academy girls wave their handkerchiefs. You should have seen Farmer Brown jump right up and down, calling out "Sakes and daisies! Sakes and daisies! Sakes and daisies!" without an idea of what he was saying.

Of course Solomon's boat first gained the goal, and then those four boys set up a yell, to encourage the brave swimmers behind. On they came battling the waves. The wind roared, the water hissed.

"Come out, you idiots!" shouted Mr. Crockett.

"Swim, boys, swim hard!" cried H. Algernon.

"O, Tommy! Tommy!" shrieked little Milly Tyrrell in an agony.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" cheered the crowd.

"Whe—w! Whe—e—ew—Whe—e—ew! f" whistled that wicked wind.

There was one final effort; one more strong dash forward. The boat grazed the stake. The second prize was won!

Kind hands drew them, blue with cold, out of the water. Some ran for hot drinks, some for blankets. Old Mr. Crockett, beside himself at the result of his own rashness, caught Tom Tyrrell in his arms, and rushed with him to his own house, scolding him fiercely all the way for daring to get swamped, and tucked him, numb with cold, between two feather beds. In came Mrs. Crockett and Miss Belinda with bags of hot water and two bottles of Jamaica ginger. They rubbed him, they dosed him.

At last, with chattering teeth, he was able to ask for Dod Ames and the rest. They had been carried to different houses and put to bed; and such healthy little fellows were they all, that, when evening came, from the way they ate ice cream, you wouldn't have believed they ever knew what it meant to shiver.

Miss Belinda herself bestowed the prizes, blue caps and all; for Twig Elder's crew should not be ducked for nothing. Mr. H. Algernon made a speech, and Mr. Crockett beamed on all.

"Didn't I tell you that if the boats swamped they could swim? Tut! tut! tut!" said he.—Mary Densel.

A pint of warm water in the morning, on an empty stomach, is now recommended as the safest and surest of all remedies for habitual constipation. It dissolves the fecal matter and stimulates peristaltic action, thereby giving a normal action without pain. If the tongue is coated squeeze a lemon into the water and drink without sweetening.

Bears and Wild Cats.

The hunters have been remarkably successful in killing big bears in this section lately. The other morning the tracks of two of unusual size were discovered in the snow near West Brookville by Nathan Skinner. The animals had crossed the Shawangunk mountain at this point and were heading toward the big forest tract west of Oakland. Skinner followed in pursuit, and after a long chase he managed to shoot the bigger bear, while the other escaped. The carcass weighed 263 pounds.

Another bear, the biggest one seen hereabouts in many years, has been killed in New Jersey, five miles below here. The animal had been driven by Pennsylvania hunters across the Delaware river, and had taken refuge in a barn on a farm of Oliver Cole, near Flatbrookville, where its presence terrorized the country roundabout. The Bensley brothers, famous hunters, were sent for, and they came with a large pack of dogs and invaded bruin in his retreat.

The dogs were sent into the barn to drive the bear forth, but bruin speedily tore two or three of them in pieces and put the rest to flight. About this time Joe Bensley got a shot at the bear through a crack in the siding of the barn and broke the animal's spine. Even when thus disabled, he killed another dog which came within reach of his powerful paws. The big brute's carcass weighed 365 pounds. The skin, which is jet black, was secured by Mr. Andrew Yetter, the Blairstown lumber dealer.

Near the same locality, and on the Shawangunk range, Barney Mooney killed the other day, after a savage fight with his dogs, a large Canada lynx, an animal rarely seen in this region. The lynx weighed 23 pounds, and was 3½ feet in length.

Since the hunting season opened last fall Treasurer Gildersleeve, of Sullivan county, has paid the bounty awarded by law on over a hundred wildcats killed within the bounds of that county. Not one seems able to account for the extraordinary increase in the numbers of these ferocious animals in that quarter.—Port Jervis Letter.

A New Property of Celluloid.

Celluloid, a substance much employed in the making of combs and other articles, has been, according to a report lately read to the Seine council of health by M. Faucher, the cause of a rather extraordinary accident to a young French girl, who habitually wore a circular comb of celluloid. Her mother, a laundress, was occupied on a certain day in ironing, whilst the child, preparing her lessons for school, sat on a low stool with her head bent forward, about half a yard from the stove. Suddenly she sprang from her seat, uttering agonized cries, and her mother, turning quickly round, perceived the girl's head to be surrounded by flames, while a strong smell, as of burning camphor, filled the air. The flames being extinguished, it was found that the circular celluloid comb the girl wore was completely burned. The child had sustained such a severe burn on the scalp that she had to be taken to a hospital, and the hair, it is said by the doctors attending her, will never grow again on the scorched place. The only possible conclusion come to as to the cause of the accident is that the celluloid comb became ignited by a current of hot air from the stove, and the moral conveyed is not to go too near a stove when wearing a celluloid.—London Standard.

Legends of the Nightingale.

Among the legends of old England are some which aver that certain places are never visited by the nightingale. Among these is Havering at Bower, where it is said that Edward the Confessor, being interrupted by them in his meditations, prayed that they might never sing in that place again. In some parts of Yorkshire the idea prevails that the nightingale has never been heard, and in the forest of St. Leonard's, according to an old record, "there doth never singe nightingale, althoughe the forests rounde about in tyme of the yeare is replenished with nightingales." Izaak Walton, the famous fisherman and author of that most delightful book, "The Complete Angler," has given in the following prose poem a beautiful description of the strains of Philomela: "The nightingale breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'"—Little Folks.

Origin of "We Won't Go Home."

An interesting history of an old and well known comic tune was given by Professor Ensel, a music teacher, in a speech in the Music Teachers' association yesterday. He said that when the army of the first Napoleon was in Egypt in 1799 the camp for a while was near the pyramids. One afternoon about sunset the band was playing. The inhabitants of the desert had collected near and were listening to the music. Nothing unusual happened until the band struck up a tune which we now hear under the name of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." Instantly there were the wildest demonstrations of joy among the Bedouins. They embraced each other and shouted and danced in the delirium of their pleasure. The reason was that they were listening to the favorite and oldest tune of their people. Professor Ensel then stated that the tune had been taken to Europe from Africa in the Eleventh century by the Crusaders, and had lived separately in both countries for over 700 years. This is certainly enough to make "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" a classic. Its origin is more of a mystery than the source of the Nile.—Louisville Post.

His Tag Was Gone.

An incident recently told by a public speaker certainly counsels us to keep our eyes and ears open. There is always some absurd event awaiting our smile, even in the busiest part of the city and the most hurried hour in the day.

An expressman was busily loading his wagon one hot noontide, and as he piled the bundles high an assistant appeared in haste, carrying a small dog in his outstretched hands.

"Well," said the first man, sharply, as he took him, "where's he to go?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know?"

"No, I don't, nor nobody don't. He's eat up his tag!"—Youth's Companion.

No Fun in That.

A young man well known in society circles, who has a billiard room in the house, was one evening teaching a young lady in whom he was somewhat interested to play. The small boy of the family went up to view the game, but was evidently not greatly pleased with its progress, and soon came down. Some one of the family asked him how the game was going on, and he said: "The game is not going on at all. Uncle —— is not playing at all; he is just standing there holding Miss ——'s hand. That's all he's doing, and I don't think there's any fun in that sort of a game."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Man with the Escaping Tresses.

"Sir," said a man in Washington square, with a lock of his hair protruding through a hole in his hat, "can't you do something for me this mornin'?"

"Guess not," answered the gentleman approached.

"Just a little," pleaded the man with the escaping tresses. "I wasn't always as low as this—I was at the top of the ladder right here in this town once."

"Is that so?"

"Yessir, right on the top round, but look at me now."

"Well, there's a quarter to get some breakfast. So you were at the top of the ladder at one time?"

"Yes, sir, went up an' stole this here coat I've got on while the bricklayer was away to his dinner. Wouldn't do it again fer two coats—it's too blamed hard work climbin' these 'ere ladders. Good-by—hope we may meet again."—New York Tribune.

Figures About Red Men.

The Indian agencies are sixty-one in number.

The number of houses occupied by Indians is 21,232.

The estimated number of Indians in Alaska is 30,000.

The number of Indians living on and cultivating lands is 9,612.

The total Indian population of the United States is 247,761.

The number of Indian church members in the United States is 28,663.

There are ten Indian training schools in different parts of the Union.

The number of Indians in the United States who wear citizens' dress is 81,621.

The number of Indians in the United States who can read English is but 23,495.

The number of Indians in the United States who can read Indian languages is 10,027.—St. Paul Globe.

Blind Fish.

Professor Ray Lankester, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, thus attempted to account for the absence of eyes in the fishes in the famous underground Kentucky caves in the following way: A great flood carries to the bottom of the Kentucky caves, some thirty miles below the surface, a number of fish among whose very numerous offspring will be some defective in sight, as some babies are born blind, or without any eyes at all. The fish who can see some faint glimmerings of light will swim away toward that light, while those will remain that cannot perceive the gleams. This with every succeeding generation would occur, the stronger in sight swimming away and the weaker remaining, and as the breeding would therefore occur between those of the worst sight fish would be born with weaker eyes and weaker until born blind.

SHOT AT A PHANTOM SHIP.

A TALE OF THE SEA THAT READS LIKE THE REGULATION YARN.

It Brings to Light the Record of a Lost Vessel—The Specter Ship Had Silver Sails, Silken Ropes and Shrouds of Gold. Sunk by the Swivel Gun.

The members of the Ananias club were plying their fans vigorously, and in language quite emphatic were finding fault with the weather. Sergeant Al Taffe passed his hand wearily across his brow and remarked: "This, my lads, is the anniversary of an event so deeply burned in my memory that it can never be effaced."

"A story! Let's have it!" shouted the club.

"All right, my hearties," continued the sergeant, indicating that a tale of the sea was in his mind, "I will tell it to you, and as I have done a thousand times, you will wonder what it means.

THE SPECTER SHIP SIGHTED.

"Forty-two years ago I was in command of the brig Three Jacks, as stanch a craft as ever plowed the raging main. We had a crew of forty men, all experienced sailors who had spent the greater part of their lives on the deep. The Three Jacks was engaged in the Boston and Liverpool trade, and a voyage in those days sometimes occupied an entire month. Pirates were not unknown then on the high seas, and for protection we carried three six pound howitzers and a swivel gun, the latter being mounted on the fo'castle. On the 1st of June we sailed from Boston with a load of merchandise for Johnny Bull's market, and for the first time in my life I felt as if I ought not to attempt to make the trip. You know, my lads, I am not chicken hearted or given to love poetry, but when I saw the steeples sink away and the hills grow smaller and smaller, until they became mere specks, and I realized that I was leaving the grandest country that ever lay out of doors, I did feel a little blue, and something awful hard to swallow came up in my throat. But after a week had gone by the squeamishness left me and I felt all right.

"One night just forty years ago I was lying in a hammock swung on the deck. Two bells had just struck and the watch had been changed. I was smoking my pipe and gazing up at the stars, wondering if dear ones I had left on the far off shores of America were looking at the same stars and thinking of me. The wind was just strong enough to fill the sails, and it sung low and sweet through the cordage as the ship rose and fell on the waves—sounded like a mother rocking the cradle and singing to her babe.

"The lookout sang out:

" 'Sail ho!'

" 'Where away?' I asked.

" 'East of nor'east by east.'

" 'East of nor'east by east?'

" 'Aye, aye, sir!'

" 'Can you speak her?'

" 'No, sir.'

"To meet a ship in mid-ocean is nothing uncommon, and I lay down again to draw pictures on the moon. But I had not been long engaged in the pleasant occupation when again the lookout shouted:

" 'Sail ho! sail ho!'

" 'Where away?'

" 'Hard on the larboard quarter, sir, and bearing down on us.'

"In an instant I sprang from my couch, and with a single bound was in the main shrouds, trumpet in hand. Sure enough, on the port quarter was a full rigged ship, and a beautiful sight she was, my lads. Her sails were of silver and her rigging was silken ropes of many hues and colors. The shrouds were strings of gold interwoven and her decks inlaid with diamonds.

"Her figurehead—a golden statue of Melpomene—with ruby eyes radiated in the moonlight, and on her bow I could read the name, 'Big Casino, of Baltimore.' Standing on the fo'castle was a white robed figure. In the maintop, foretop and mizzentop were clustered a lot of people, all clad in white, and one, whom I took to be the captain, sat astride the bowsprit. So close to us was she that I could hear the swish of the waves as they fell away from her bows.

THEIR NAMES WERE NOT "DENNIS."

" 'Ship, ahoy!' I shouted through my trumpet.

" 'Ahoy! ahoy!' was the response carried back on the wind.

" 'What ship is that and where are you bound?'

" 'Big Casino, of Baltimore, bound for Baltimore with artificial oysters. What ship is that?'

" 'Three Jacks, of Boston, for Liverpool, with liver and tripe.'

" 'Hard aport there with your helm or you will run into us,' I shouted, for the strange vessel was coming right at us, bows on, and was but a few hundred feet away. A collision seemed certain, and she was so much larger than the Three Jacks that I know we would get the worst of the smash.

" 'Ahoy there! ahoy! ahoy!' I shouted.

" 'Your names are Dennis.'

" 'Avast there, you lubbers,' I shrieked. 'Bear away, or shiver my towlights if I don't send you all to Davy Jones' locker.'

"A low, mocking laugh was the only response I received, and I waited no longer, for what I must do must be done quickly. I dropped from the shrouds, ran for'ard like lightning, unlashed the swivel gun on the fo'castle, turned her upon the strange ship—boom! bang! The night air was thick with smoke; there were screams of agony and cries of pain. When the smoke lifted that strange ship was gone. Not a sign of her was left save the spanker boom, which slowly descended as if from the sky. Astride the boom was one of the white robed figures. I shall never forget its look of agony.

"It was a year after that I was at Baltimore and told the story of the phantom ship to a friend. We looked up the records and found that the Big Casino sailed from Baltimore about 100 years ago and never was heard of after she sailed. The ship we met in mid-ocean was her ghost that had been tramping over the Atlantic for so many years."—Indianapolis News.

GENTEEL POVERTY.

HOW SOME WOMEN KEEP UP APPEARANCES ON VERY LITTLE.

Haunting the Bargain Counters of the Large Dry Goods Stores—Experiences in Hall Bed Rooms—Cooking on Oil Stoves. Not a Happy Life.

One day as I sat by my desk writing—I was then the assistant secretary of a large political bureau—I noticed the entrance of a stately woman, who sailed up the room toward the desk of my chief as if accustomed to rooms with long distances. Her whole air indicated culture.

She was evidently well acquainted with the secretary, and I observed that he treated her with more than even his usual courtesy. To my surprise she asked for employment—for "writing of any kind." Her general air of magnificence, combined with her eagerness for employment, so excited my curiosity that after she had sailed away with a charming old fashioned courtesy—one quarter of which was bestowed upon me—I said to my chief: "Who is she?"

"She is a niece of ——," mentioning a former grand potentate of New York city.

"What!" I exclaimed. "She was her uncle's adopted daughter; why did not he leave her some money?"

"When her uncle died," replied the secretary, "it was found that he was not as wealthy as many supposed, and she was left with so small an income that it just keeps her from starving, I am told."

LADIES, ALL THE SAME.

Before this incident occurred I had often been brought into contact with genteel poverty, and since then many are the facts which I have gathered through observation, and because of a sympathetic temperament which makes me the recipient of humanity's joys and sorrows to a larger degree than falls to the lot of most women.

Having often heard remarks—not always complimentary—about genteel poverty as represented by poor women, I have jotted down the following facts and impressions:

The first thing this class of women generally consider is their personality. From bonnet to shoe their constant endeavor is to be presentable. We will begin with the bonnet—which for the sake of economy they must make, though it may turn out as ugly as sin—yet, really lovely are many of their fabrications. A bit of lace, a piece of silk that was laid carefully away in view of an emergency. A rose subtracted from a box of artificial flowers that have seen much service. Silk, lace and rose deftly put together, and there appears a bonnet that is often an object of envy to more fortunate women.

These are the women who not only watch the stores for bargains, but need to, and they soon learn with the keen intuitions of womanhood to make a dollar go a great ways. They find here and there a few yards of brocade or silk selling far below the usual price; this, put with some carefully renewed material, often makes a pretty gown that surprises both beholder and possessor.

"But there is always a failure somewhere," plaintively remarked a friend; "I can manage the dress and bonnet, but my shoes and gloves are never what they should be," she pouted, as she thrust out a tiny foot clad in well fitted but very cheap shoes. And then she put out for inspection a little hand covered, alas, with a cotton glove! "My mother's creed I cannot follow," she poutingly continues; "she used to say that a lady could always be told by the quality of her shoes and gloves. Of course I am no longer a lady according to that creed."

But, after all, it is the question of getting comfortably lodged for the smallest rent possible which most sorely puzzles these women. And the "hall bedroom" becomes an important factor. Landladies have learned not to be surprised when a finely attired lady rents her third or fourth story hall room. But the dreary little room is often so transformed that it becomes a very pretty boudoir. The bed is replaced by a sofa, cot or folding bed. A screen hides the "washstand." From her trunk she brings forth treasures—generally old, but, after all, valuable as bric-a-brac, and soon the landlady stands gazing with admiration amidst all their luxury. She has such a tiny income that I will not mention it. But, when rent, etc., are subtracted, there is but a morsel left for the stomach, so that her food becomes the least substantial of all efforts for gentility.

THE LITTLE OIL STOVE.

We must not forget the "oil stove." What these women would do without the oil stove I really cannot imagine. What wonderful puddings, stews, soups, etc., are cooked upon stoves often as small as the owner's income, and the recipes of many of these concoctions are not to be found in any cook book.

I remember, however, rooming once "next door" to two lovely ladies, who did their small cooking over the gas, though that, of course, was forbidden. How they ever managed to evade that landlady I do not understand, because she was a hard, sharp woman, not easily deceived by womankind. It was, perhaps, not quite moral in me to wink at so much wickedness, but the wiles of those two women to evade that cross, rich old landlady were a source of enjoyment which abides with me still.

But the dainty women who will not learn to cook because they cannot endure the odors in their small rooms have the hardest times. I know once one of these helpless gentlewomen who had drifted to us from foreign shores. Beautiful as a dream, with manner half proud and appealing, she made my heart ache sometimes.

I do not suppose that any one, excepting myself, ever knew how hungry she often was, because of her spirited manner. I can imagine that she was sometimes almost hungry enough to have eaten one of her beautiful white hands. She would live a whole week upon "bread and tea," and when she could stand it no longer she would subtract a quarter from her savings, then go to some clean, cheap restaurant to eat the nearest approach to a dinner that she could afford.

Again and again another quarter would be used until her hunger was satisfied. Had she used her oil stove for cooking she could have lived much better at less cost.

A ludicrous remembrance is that I have of two ladies who were "chums," but were blessed with such small incomes that they had to account for even the pennies. Exceedingly intimate, yet they rarely visited each other, though separated but by a few blocks, because, when together, they were spendthrifts, while separate they could reach the end of the month without becoming financial wrecks.

Let them once yield to the fascination of a day in each other's society and the stores and restaurants soon exhausted their united resources. Like the drunkard with his "one glass more," they were undone, and when night came they would mournfully consider their empty pocketbooks and broken vows.—Emma S. Allen in New York News.

Miscellaneous

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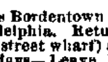

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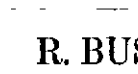

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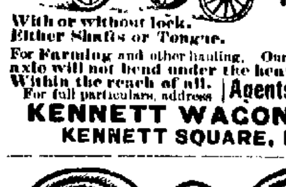

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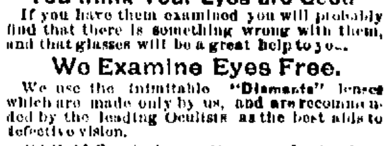

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